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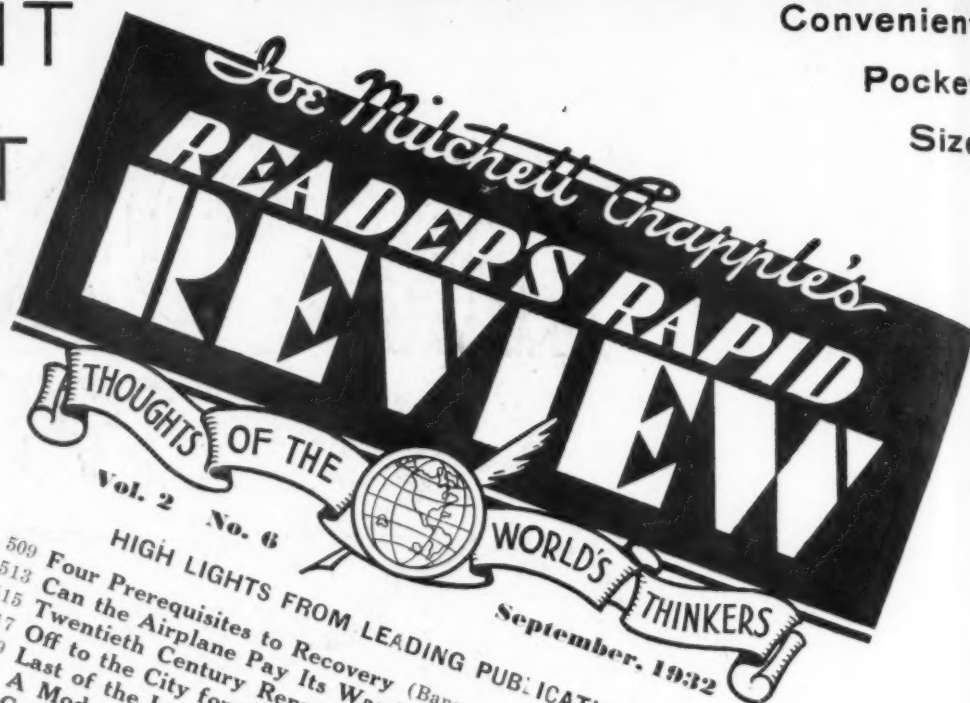
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BUSY FOLK



Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple



ON October occurs the holiday celebrating '1492' honoring Columbus, the discoverer of America. His statue stands overlooking the Capitol grounds and greets the visitor at the Union Station in Washington. Columbus Day is a new historic holiday in this country. Memories of the gift of a replica of the sturdy little ship on which Columbus sailed from Spain are recalled on each recurring October twelfth. It was given

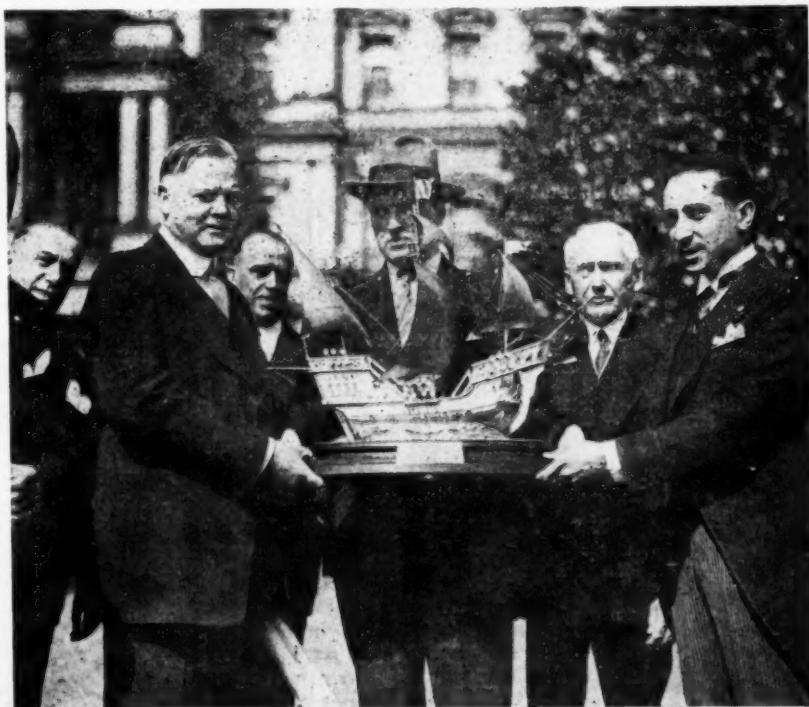
at the time of the signing of the Peace Pact in the presence of Secretary Kellogg, the author of this famous treaty outlawing war. As the representatives of ancient Spain gathered about this trophy, there was a more complete recognition that *España* is the Discovery Motherland of America. Columbus day, 1932, found the President back at his desk, even refreshed by his visit to his native state to deliver the first address of the campaign.

Among the avalanche of difficulties confronting President Hoover in this presidential year is to keep right on with his work, unperturbed by the pernicious practices of a political campaign. The challenge issued by Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt, the nominee of the Democratic party, to leave his work and go out and debate with him on a barnstorming tour, was most properly ignored. Despite the war of words, there is work for the President to do, even if his re-election must hang in the balance. The first speech of President Hoover in his native state of Iowa was received with reassuring enthusiasm by the farmers of the district.

WORK on the Reconstruction Plan continues with such eminent Democrats as Newton D. Baker and Alfred E. Smith, and former Senator Atlee Pomerene of Ohio, who appear big enough leaders to recognize that there is a common ground for patriotic service even in the tempestuous whirlpool of partisan contest. In Washington, the possibilities of a change in administration at this time are being soberly contemplated. In the midst of a major operation, a change of doctors is not considered logical. With an upheaval the unsettled condition of the country would naturally continue until the In-

auguration Day March 4, 1933, with another year for any new administration to adjust itself under the most favorable circumstances. This situation has brought into the political campaign thousands of business men and those facing the problem of securing employment, as well as the farmers hoping for better prices and the manufacturer for markets.

Evidence accumulates that although the tide has been turning for the better, there is a possibility ahead of a panic such as this country has never known. The dire results of a relapse at this time, while on the road to recovery, threaten the whole



The Representatives of Ancient Spain, the Discovery Motherland of America, presenting a Ship to Herbert Hoover. Former Secretary Kellogg is present.

system of government comparable to nothing that has occurred since the days of the Civil War. In some respects, the campaign is taking on the aspects of '96 when party lines were shattered in the battle for the Gold Standard. In the light of history none can deny that the election of William McKinley saved the country from a disastrous set-back, following the depression of '93. In-



Senior United States Senator from Indiana
Hon. James E. Watson

sidious attack upon American institutions predicated upon Soviet doctrines that defy the ideals of the American home, religion and individualism.

WHEN young Jim Watson graduated from the High School in his native town in Winchester, Indiana, he delivered an oration that brought the prophecy of political leadership. He had scarcely begun the practice of law at Rushville, when he was elected congressman, defeating William S. Holman, Democratic leader of the House. In Washington he so won the confidence of his colleagues that he was chosen as whip of the House. Later he became a real floor leader of the United States Senate for he was promoted to the Senate, defeating the popular Thomas Taggart in a hard-fought battle. Few public men have been more beloved for their Hoosier qualities than "Jim" Watson, as he is affectionately saluted by his friends, and referred to with some chilliness by his enemies, but he is always "Jim." Closely identified with the Hoover administration, he has led in the brunt of the battle against depression. As Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions of the Republican National Convention in 1920, he read a report on Resolutions in a manner that can never be forgotten. An orator of national and international renown and a Committee chairman that knows how to get things done, James E. Watson remains an outstanding figure in public life and a credit to the long list of distinguished statesmen from Indiana.

THE historic 1924 Democratic National Convention at Madison Square Garden in New York City is recalled by the reappearance of Hon. William G. McAdoo in the political arena in 1932. He is a candidate for

dividuals who have never discussed politics from a vital personal point of view are being aroused as to the threatening aspects of the wild panaceas, recalling Coin Harvey's alluring but deceptive black-board exercises. The issues today seem to involve an in-

with having had much to do with securing the nomination of Franklin D. Roosevelt as the Democratic presidential candidate for 1932. At the convention in Chicago he was able to defeat Governor Smith and pay off his political score. Mr. McAdoo was Secretary of the Treasury during the Wilson Administration and was counted a power in national affairs during the World War. He married the daughter of President Wilson, and since his retirement has been living in California, quietly planning for what has happened. William Gibbs McAdoo was born in Marietta, Ga., and educated at the University of Tennessee, later practicing law in Chattanooga. Coming to New York he became president of the Hudson River Tunnel Company, and served as Director-General of the Railroads during the War. A candidate for president in 1924 he only lacked one hundred votes of the nomination, which was checked by his Smith opponent under the two-thirds rule and John W. Davis was nominated. Mr. McAdoo is counted as one of the leaders in the Roosevelt campaign in 1932. The factional fight at the Chicago Convention has resulted in a third candidate, which makes a senatorial campaign in California a three-cornered contest, but it is reported that if Roosevelt is elected Mr. McAdoo will have a place in the candidates even if defeated for Senator. At Chicago he combined with the Garner forces and the Texas delegation, giving the vice-presidential nomination to Garner.



William Gibbs McAdoo, U. S. Senate
Candidate from California

recognized sorrows and difficulties met with intangible preachments and inaccurate homilies that lack consistency and substance.

Behind his hornrimmed glasses there is the flashing eye of a gladiator when Senator Vandenberg steps into

EVER since he entered the U. S. Senate, Arthur H. Vandenberg has been recognized as one of the aggressive, forceful recruits to that august body. Speaking with the directness of a newspaper editor, and with a knowledge gained by experience on Collier's Weekly and various periodicals he hits the target. Grand Rapids, Michigan, the furniture capital of the country, was the place of his birth, but this young Wolverine is something more than "furniture" in the United States Senate. His challenge and answer to some of the speeches by Candidate Roosevelt attracted widespread attention. With a vigorous way of speaking his mind in cold type or on the platform, he has little patience with debate that simply continues a sad recital of universally



Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg

to discuss public matters. The old time popular song, "I Want to Go Back to Michigan," has its lure for the young senator when there is a campaign pending. But when there is work to do in Washington in committee or on the floor, Vandenberg is always on the active list and ready for the roll call.

* * *

DESPITE the busy days in the White House, Mrs. Hoover continues her active interest in the Camp-fire Girls. Christopher Morley, the distinguished British author, who visited the White House informally, was deeply impressed with the appearance of the First Lady of the Land in a Camp Fire uniform, returning



Mrs. Herbert Hoover, Showing the Camp Fire girls, how to use a hoe.

from one of the meetings. During that afternoon she had been on a hike with the girls and gave them an illustration of how to handle a hoe, as well as how to do housework. The tribute by Morley after an evening with the President among his books and in the midst of his evening work hour, reveals a Chief Executive who spent a year of his life aboard ship traveling about the world and utilizing all the stray moments in reading. The British author was amazed to find that President Hoover had read all the books worth reading during his busy days and could discuss them with the ease and precision of one who knows what he is talking about. His article presented a new phase of Herbert Hoover's life about which there has not been much written.

* * *

ERIE COUNTY was stirred politically when its illustrious citizen, William Joseph Donovan, was named for governor of the Empire State by the Republican State Convention which met at Buffalo. This is the only county that ever had the privilege of having its sheriff nominated for governor and later elected president. The distinction that came to Grover Cleveland is one that the legion of admirers of Colonel Donovan, known as "Wild Bill," feel rightfully belongs to their illustrious fellow citizen. He was a candidate in 1922, but that was ten years ago. As Assistant Attorney-General of the United States

from 1924 to 1929, he had an opportunity to show the mettle that was in him. Entering the World War as captain of the First Cavalry, he enjoyed successive promotions to Assistant Chief of Staff of the 27th Division and major brigade adjutant of the 51st and 161st Infantries. For many years he was closely associated with President Hoover in his Food Administration work and has made good in every responsibility given him for public service. The Republicans of New York feel that they have a good fighting chance to elect "Wild Bill" Donovan as the successor of Governor Roosevelt, and give the state a Republican administration for the first time in sixteen years.

* * *

THERE will be a welcome awaiting James Walcott Wadsworth, Jr., of New York, if he is elected to Congress from the famous Genesee district which his father and family have represented in generations past. As United States Senator from New York, Mr. Wadsworth made an enviable record as chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs. He had much to do with the reorganization of the Army. Doubtless he would have continued as senator had not his convictions led him to oppose the Eighteenth Amendment and Woman Suffrage. He served in the Spanish-American War and has been a real "dirt farmer" on the old Wadsworth homestead, as well as managing a large cattle ranch in Texas. Mrs. Wadsworth is the daughter of the late John Hay, author of "Little Breeches" and Secretary of State in the McKinley administration. They will be heartily welcomed back to the national capital where they enjoyed an unusual



Former U. S. Senator James W. Wadsworth Jr.
A candidate for Congress in New York

popularity during their residence in Washington. The loyal constituents of his district feel that they must have their distinguished fellow-citizen in Washington, and are particularly delighted at the prospect of having Senator Wadsworth to fight the battle for the farmers in the House of Representatives during these troublesome times.

At the Republican National headquarters Senator Daniel O. Hastings of Delaware is deeply immersed in the work of helping his brother Republican senators in their campaign in 1932 as they helped him in his



Hon. William J. Donovan
Republican Nominee for Governor of
New York

fight two years ago. Although representing a small state, Senator Hastings has become one of the leaders in the Senate and has demonstrated that he knows how to serve his state in Washington as well as on the State Supreme Court Bench where he presided for some years. He succeeded the energetic and tireless Republican, the late T. Coleman duPont, in the Senate. Mr. duPont took an active part in every Republican national campaign and put Delaware on the map as one of the states that could always furnish good material for the quadrennial contest for party supremacy. Closely identified with President Hoover's administration, Senator Hastings has been giving efficient help in

maintaining a roll call in the Senate that will respond and cooperate with the President in the White House, making it a Republican administration in the real sense of the word.

THE transformation in the physical appearance of Washington amazes oldtime visitors. The Mall side of Pennsylvania Avenue is being cleared and the impressive ensemble of public buildings is now under way. The new Department of Commerce Building was the meeting place for the conferences on the Reconstruction Plan and other large groups of citizens called to Washington by President Hoover to confer on national matters. The gigantic excavations for the buildings and the thousands of workers make the capital city a fitting example of meeting the unemployment situation and completion of these buildings will enable Uncle Sam to save a million or so on his rent bill, to say nothing of pro-

viding more suitable quarters for the employees that remain after the budget is balanced. Christopher Morley on his recent visit stated that Washington was the only capital of any nation in the world that he knew of that was exclusively a capital city and where the interests of the government dominated without interference from industrial commercial intrusion. The Washington Monument now serves as a marker for aviators; a gleaming radiance from the apex of this stately column is like a beacon light to the many ships that arrive in Washington during the silence of night and early morning.

MEMBERS of the Cabinet with forensic ability have responded to the call of the campaign. The militant Secretary of War, Hon. Patrick J. Hurley has enough Irish in his blood to enjoy a good scrap. He faced the hoots and boos at the American Legion Convention. The tall lank form of Secretary Hyde with his droll Missouri wit has been a feature of some oldtime rallies. Assistant Secretary of the Navy Ernest Lee Jancke has been putting in some vigorous punches for Hoover. Here is a Louisiana Tunney's left-hand upper cut.

"As the Democratic candidate for the Vice Presidency in 1920 Roosevelt was sure of one thing—that the United States of America must join the League of Nations and become a party to all the complications and strife of the world or renounce its destiny. He made his whole campaign on that issue.

The United States did not join the League and Franklin Roosevelt was not elected Vice President.

Today, twelve years later he is convinced of just one thing—that this nation cannot dispense with his services in the Presidency during the next four years."



U. S. Senator Daniel O. Hastings
of Delaware

Hoover has Met Tests of Leadership

Like Lincoln he has grown in the Dark Years of Baffling Responsibilities of the Great World-Wide Upheaval to a Leadership that Points the Way Through—A Calm Fair Review of the Situation in the Presidential Campaign of 1932 crystallizes into an Affirmative Vote for Hoover, in recalling a series of "Don'ts" that lead on to Victory

EVERY four years since I cast my first vote for President, I have taken at least one day to think it all over. During that day I go over clippings, pamphlets and other material that has accumulated in the presidential election avalanche. While shaving I begin intensive thought concerning the two leading candidates for president. My first purpose is to wipe away with the lather all possible prejudice for or against either of the candidates. As the hours of this day advance I sit down and talk with myself, so to speak, and watch the balance of the scales. Every now and then I find the Old Nick in me fired by some political outburst that seems to be unjust and unfair against one or the other of the men (for I am considering first of all the men) whose names are on the presidential ballot.

First, surveying the high points in the biographical sketches, I try to form a detached picture in my own mind of the two men, as if I were sitting down and talking it over with them personally. This was made a most interesting fanciful chat, because I chance to have known personally Herbert Hoover and Franklin D. Roosevelt for some years. From both of them I have received letters that are suffused with friendliness. That is why I wanted to approach a decision without disturbing that priceless gem of friendship.

At the outset I am going to confess that I have a Republican complex, but it has not always deterred me from a critical analysis of mistakes to which all human flesh and parties are heir.

That is why perhaps in the very beginning I found myself leaning very strongly toward voting for Herbert Hoover. This may have been occasioned because of contacts with him during his work overseas and during the war.

With a piece of paper I entered some affirmative facts and convictions that I had concerning him and his achievements in public service. On the other side of the ledger I made as careful a record as I could of what had been accomplished and what might be accomplished with Franklin D. Roosevelt in the White House.

Eliminating all the usual fiery campaign claims and retorts, I concentrated on the one point, "Who is the better man to conduct the executive work of the United States at this time for the four years from 1933 to 1937," predicating the conclusion on conditions as they are today, aside from theoretical discussions on what might be

promised or said in the enthusiasm of political ambitions.

The platforms and speeches of the two candidates do not seem to be very widely divergent on the usual isms incident to the quadrennial contest for the presidency. Analyze what Herbert Hoover as a public servant has accomplished, and ask what different would you, or anyone have done, in these harrowing days.

Upon his achievements during the war as Food Administrator—which American women appreciated and understood—there is a unanimous and favorable agreement. He handled thirteen billion dollars to aid starving people, without a shadow of suspicion and every cent accounted for, without salary or remuneration. It was a great trust by the American people, and fulfilled to the dot.

The selection of Herbert Hoover for public service was made by Woodrow Wilson and proved a most worthy choice and tribute to Herbert Hoover as a citizen.

In 1921 he became Secretary of Commerce. This development revealed the executive genius that led to his promotion to presidency.

In 1928 he was given an endorsement of seven million majority; larger than that given any president by the voters of the nation. Taking the oath of office with the country and the world reeking with prosperity—and quickly came the crash. An economic reeling began the world over. It must be conceded that no Chief Executive has ever met more appalling economic calamities than for which he was no more responsible than you nor I, than Herbert Hoover. In a modest and quiet way he remained on the job summer and winter more hours in excruciating executive toil than any previous president with the possible exception of Abraham Lincoln. The united enthusiasm of war times did not come to his rescue.

Fortified with unusual experience and training in foreign affairs, he has proven a world leader through acts and deeds that have revealed an unchallenged wisdom, patience and patriotism. Persistently, he had carried forward the one great ideal of peace. Grappling with opposing factions in his own party and rival political parties, he saved the Red Cross from the red flag of Bolshevism and the Pork Barrel raids, with non-partisan support he balanced the budget, and instituted a legislative economic program necessitated by conditions growing out of a wave of world-wide revolutionary overturning of many govern-

ments. Despite upheavals in twenty-eight countries, he has managed to keep the American Ship of State on an even keel.

Through his speeches on the radio, President Hoover has been able to maintain that common touch with the people that insures a sympathetic loyal support by his fair minded fellow citizens in these critical times.

With Hoover, we are dealing with facts of today and not dreams of yesterday.

The younger voters to a large extent, seem inclined to cast their first ballot for Herbert Hoover. The reasons generally held by many were given to me by one of the young men who will cast his first presidential vote for Herbert Hoover.

"I admire the stand Hoover has taken concerning the Soldiers' Bonus. To those of us who are still wondering about the future, any increase in the amount of the Bonus suggested will just be that much more of a burden on our shoulders. Of course, we favor the caring for those injured by the war. We can not do enough for them, but that is not the question upon which the present Bonus struggle is being waged. President Hoover has certainly shown that he has the best interest of the most people before him by doing his best to prevent the proposed advanced Bonus payments from going through at this time.

"He has further shown his honest interest in our welfare by supporting the National Economy League. He is in a position to know what is best for this country at this time, and is doing his utmost.

"Hoover fulfills the imperative qualities needed in leaders of our country today—for a cool business executive at the helm. Under the crisis, who could have done as much as our President has already achieved in controlling the situation and preventing untold further disaster?

"Any young voter who has followed the actions of Herbert Hoover since he took office must admire the sound decisions that he has made on each perplexing question pending. Whether the older people realize it or not, the 'younger generation' have been studying the situation and are going to the polls with a well defined purpose of voting for the man who they think will most help the employment and market situation.

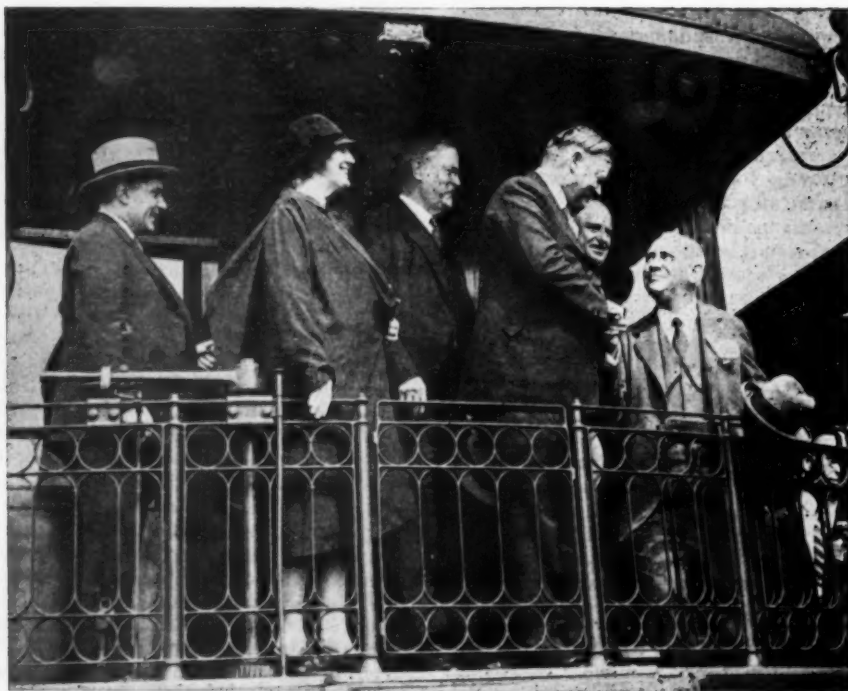
"They respect Hoover as a man. He has gone through a trying period of hardship and abuse, and has held his own. Attacked, slandered and criticized, and yet he has followed out a carefully constructed plan to bring the United States through the fog to the days of clear sailing.

"Yes, I believe a majority of young voters will support Hoover. He is the tried leader who has already shown his mettle and gained the confidence and respect of those casting their first vote who will hold a balance of power in November."

After I had reached an unshakeable conviction that the election of Herbert Hoover was not only essential but a necessity for the return of better times, I gathered about me a group of young men and women who are to vote for president in 1932 for the first time. Some of them were reared in homes where the good old Jeffersonian Doc-

and led logically on to the climax at Bunker Hill, "Don't fire until you see the whites of their eyes!" This dauntless "Don't" was carried on by the dying utterance of Lawrence in 1821—"Don't give up the ship!"

In every crisis the word stands out like a beacon light, warning the mariner—"Don't sail near the shoals in the storms!" Then comes the classic phrase of the Lincoln campaign of '64, when the Democratic party declared the War for the Union a failure—"Don't swap horses while crossing the stream!" also Lincoln's vivid illustration describing Blondin crossing Niagara Falls,



President and Mrs. Hoover out among the home folks in Iowa

trine had prevailed. These, in particular, seemed earnestly desirous of supporting Herbert Hoover for president, whatever they may do on other candidates. They supplied me with a series of *Don't's*, paradoxical as it may seem, to emphasize their affirmative viewpoint in reference to the achievements and work of President Hoover. Out of these negatives has evolved a series of vital points as to why the first voter should cast his ballot in the full conviction that he is doing a patriotic service, irrespective of party. You have only to read the array of twenty-five odd *Don't's* to realize that the trend of the young voter, who holds the balance of power, is for Herbert Hoover and the issues supported by the Republican Party.

With this amazing array of support from the young men and women who have to face the tremendous responsibilities of the future, I felt that my decision to vote for Herbert Hoover was emphatically seconded by those whose vote will mean so much to the presidential candidates.

In the historical traditions of our nation the negative "*Don't*" stands out dominant. It began with "*Don't* pay the tax on tea!"

walking on a wire with his son on his shoulder:

"Don't shout when everything depends on his keeping his balance!"

This incident would seem to inspire a few present day "*Don't's*."

"Don't rock the Ship of State when she is in a rough storm, and making the port of prosperity."

"Don't change the captain on the bridge when the vessel is in peril."

"Don't drop the pilot while in dangerous channels entering port."

"Don't forget that in Herbert Hoover we have a great President whose sincerity, honesty and wisdom in critical times is already a matter of history."

"Don't blame Herbert Hoover for all the troubles of the world when governments in 28 nations are overturned in the world-wide economic cataclysm."

"Don't support or vote for a candidate or a party who seeks the support of bomb throwers and Bolsheviks. Hoover does not."

"Don't vote for candidates who are so eager to get office that they fly to accept."

"Don't forget that President Coolidge was counted a success, because he understood what *not* to say when he declared:

"Don't talk until you have a definite plan of action."

"Don't vote for any candidate through passionate impulse to get even with somebody and cover your own mistakes."

"Don't forget this is a battle of the Republican party against Depression rather than a political contest."

"Don't elect a 'Yes' man who is only after votes."

"Don't fail to 'watch your change' offered by the Democrats in the cry for 'a change.'"

"Don't tie the hands of President Hoover while he is freeing the country of the stigma of Child Labor."

"Don't lose the leader whose cool judgment prevented a world panic when two billions of gold flowed out of the country in a single week."

"Don't vote against Hoover's farm, labor and employment relief policies which have already brought results because they are logical and sound."

"Don't fail to have unflinching faith in your country no matter how you may vote."

"Don't hold back the revival of business, more jobs and better prices, by changing tariffs and administrations."

"Don't elect a president on generalities and promises that don't accord with facts."

"Don't fail to join the National Economy League backed by Hoover."

"Don't desert a President who vetoed a two billion dollar bonus payment that's not due for 13 years."

"Don't expect jobs and better prices with an upheaval that shakes the confidence of investment and capital."

"Don't expect good prices with the purchasing power of the people unsettled by a problematical change."

"Don't fail to at least read the records of President Hoover's achievements against overwhelming odds."

"Don't prevent the advancement of world peace by defeating Herbert Hoover who has checked warfare and revolution with the Stimson Note and Moratorium."

"Don't stop the good work of Herbert Hoover on the Home Loan Bank and Reconstruction Plan."

All of which summed up, is "*Don't* fail to endorse an administration that has weathered the storm, with a vote for Herbert Hoover and the Republican Party in November, 1932.

* * *

This list of "*Don't's*" supplied me by the young folk brought to my mind an incident which occurred during a rough voyage on a cattle ship.

Riding Out the Storm

Returning from Europe the voyage was one succession of bad breaks. It began with a collision before leaving Liverpool, then came a four-day hurricane at sea. The captain was on the bridge for three successive days and nights. Everything was swept from the deck, including lifeboats, deck cargo and rafts. It seemed a hopeless battle. Only seventy knots were made in four days. On beam ends the staunch craft battled with waves sweeping over the bridge. To reach a climax a fire broke out in the hold as the vessel entered port, but that was conquered, and the ship docked, a real mis-

To Matterhorn Grim Summit from Zermatt

The Swanky Village in Switzerland from which the Perilous and Thrilling Ascent to the Summit of the Grim Matterhorn is made, to Man the glory of Alpine Splendor

THE English call Zermatt swanky", smiled our American Consul at Geneva. "It is one of the most fashionable Alpine centers in Switzerland." With this information to quench our ardor we left the valley of the Rhone and followed the valley of the Visp to Zermatt, that little mountain village at the foot of the Matterhorn, one of the "eldest altars of creation", all in the Canton du Valais.

All the way from Visp to Zermatt, some twenty miles, the river Visp churning along side, sprayed our faces through the open windows of our train. Tawny mountaineers in shorts with ice-axes and rucksacks climbed aboard at every station. Through forest of larch pine, birch, patches of bluebells and purple fireweed we proceeded on to Zermatt. The air was delicious. When the mountaineers caught their first glimpse of the Matterhorn they shouted for joy as though greeting an old friend. It was stimulating to watch their faces kindle with enthusiasm. All of them were on tip-toe with expectancy.

Arriving at Zermatt we found it surrounded by lush green fields and quiet brown chalets. Peasants with gay kerchiefs on their heads flitted silently along the trails to the meadows. Main Street was one crooked cobblestoned bazaar flaunting cashmere shawls, embroidered dresses, bandanas, sweaters, rucksacks, woolen sox and mittens, climbing ropes and hob-nailed boots, every Alpine flowers, roots and all, including the flannelly edelweiss, all cut of doors within arm's length of the idling tourist and the alpinist.

To and fro swarmed the guests of Zermatt, knapsackers in hobnailed boots with their ice-axes clicking over the cobblestones, women in lovely homespun tweeds, sheer summer frocks and woolen sox in stout shoes. In the dusk of evening after dinner, ladies in silver slippers and décolleté gowns and men in tuxedos strolled through the shadows side by side with the wooly alpinists. Everybody swung a walking stick or an ice-axe. Behind them strolled the veteran guides brown as parchment, in flannel shirts decorated with alluring badges. Shrewdly they sized up each day's new crop of tourists and singled out those who were ambitious to set foot on the summit of the Matterhorn. Then husky conversations followed on equipment, energy, tryouts and fees, 130 Swiss francs for one guide and 260 Swiss francs for two guides.

Flanking Main Street on both sides stood the hotels, pensions and private homes overflowing with visitors. Zermatt's harvest season, July and August, was in full swing. If the "Napoleon of Swiss hotel-keepers", M. Alexander Seiler, the pioneer

who started the first hotel in Zermatt in 1854, could only open his eyes now and see his faith justified. Thousands visit Zermatt today where hundreds visited it yesterday. In 1789, De Saussure, the botanist, was Zermatt's first tourist and he found hospitality beneath the modest roof of the parish priest. This tiny mountain hamlet attracted alpinists and regular tourists.

At Zermatt, "the village on the meadows" which used to be called Matt in the fifteenth century (the overwhelming attraction is the Matterhorn frowning overhead from its superb vantage point on the frontier of Switzerland and Italy. Zermatt at an altitude of 5315 feet is not only the eastern gateway to the Matterhorn, 14,782 feet in altitude, but the Breithorn 13,685 feet high and Monte Rosa, 15,217 feet high as well.

The Matterhorn was first conquered in July 1865 by Edward Whymper with his party of Lord Francis Douglas (Rev. Charles Hudson, R. Hadow and four guides, Michel Croz, old Peter Taugwalder and his two sons. It was on this memorable climb that four men lost their lives, Douglas, Hudson, Hadow and Croz. Edward Whymper's classic account of this first ascent ends with, "Climb if you will, but remember that courage and strength are naught without prudence, and that a momentary negligence may destroy the happiness of a lifetime. Do nothing in haste, look well to each step; and from the beginning think what may be the end." Today among Zermatt's guides are two stalwart fellows, grandsons of old Taugwalder in Whymper's party.

Year by year the Matterhorn, known to the French as Mount Cervin and to the Italians as Monte Silvio, takes its toll of human life and maintains its reputation as one of the most unsociable as well as lovable peaks in the Alps. Year by year it lives up to its grim traditions. Hardly had we arrived when Dame Rumor whispered gravely over our shoulder that seven men, guideless enthusiasts, yet men with experience in the mountains, had lost their lives during the past fortnight either on the precipitous slopes of the Matterhorn or in the immediate vicinity.

Among the mountain's victims who sleep today in Zermatt's little churchyard behind the tea garden of begonias, evergreens and tiny grottoes, are Hudson and Hadow on the north side of the English Church and the veteran Croz on the south side. On Hadow's tombstone are these pathetic words from his parents: "Ita, Paten, quoniam sic fuit placitum ante te". In this little company of mountaineering heroes,

English, Scotch, American, German, Swiss and French, to whom Zermatt points with certain pride, sleep those who have been killed by falling stones, landslides, snowstorms and avalanches. Alpine disasters of glory as well as of gloom. One old mountaineer of seventy was found peacefully asleep in the shadow of a boulder. What an ideal setting to choose for the first chapter of the great adventure? Adjoining the churchyard cemetery stands the tiny village museum with all its mountain trophies including fragments of the broken rope that was used in the Whymper party of 1865.

The next attraction at Zermatt is the popular Gornergrat, a rocky spine rising from the plateau of the Riffelberg. The Gornergrats, 10,290 feet in altitude, towers 4975 feet above Zermatt. To this supreme vantage point the tourist who does not care to mount the winding trail is whirled by the rack and pinion railroad over bridges, viaducts, through tunnels, forests of fragrant pine and feathery larch and Alpine meadows of purple phlox and bluebells, upland pastures where big bells on Swiss cows tinkle all day long. This mountain railroad is the highest in Europe with the exception of the Jungfrau road. Here at the Gornergrat Hotel, a great gray fortress clinging to the rocky spine just below the summit we loitered for the sunset and sunrise views. All around us stretched the Pennine Alps, a noble company of snow-clad and rocky peaks dominated by the Matterhorn. Across the valley to our left, so near that it seemed as if we might reach out our hands and caress their summits, towered the Monte Rosa and the Breithorn. Below them roared the rivers of ice, the Gorner, Grener, Schwarze and Breithorn Glaciers.

When the sun dipped over the Dent Blanche to the right of the Matterhorn, the glaciers turned from gray to mauve and from mauve to purple. The peaks, one by one, caught fire and then, one by one, they became somber as the light of day faded and a pale wisp of a new moon crawled up over the Breithorn. The filmy cloud-cap on the Matterhorn became a plume and drifted lazily away in search of fresh adventures. The roar of the rivers, the tinkle of the cowbells and the yodel of the peasants filled the valley. Fathers with extra overcoats and wraps on their arms puffed the up the final grade from the hotel to the summit of the Gornergrat to save their wives and daughters from chilly death. The summit crowd spoke many languages. We had to promenade briskly to defeat the penetrating air

Notifying Party Nominees in a Modern Way

Governor Roosevelt goes to his Notification by Airplane and Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt and many others fly to Washington to let President Hoover know that he was renominated

RETURNING last month from Washington to New York by air, the constellation of twinkling electric lights over the great metropolitan area seemed to challenge the franchise of the skies. Looking for shooting stars on and over the clouds en route, I thought of the eclipse due August 31. Streams of glowing lights outlined streets and boulevards and parks in design, dotted here and there by the far reaching radiance of colored neon lights responding to the flash of the beacons, welcoming air travelers back to the Toyland of skyscrapers in sight of New York.

Although having made trips by air in Europe, Asia and Africa, it remained for this particular flight to plant firmly in my mind the necessity of established air routes in the whirling routine of modern everyday affairs.

As we circled over Washington on our departure the dome and the great Lincoln and Washington Monuments beneath presented an architectural symphony. The New Washington Memorial Bridge seemed like a crown on Arlington Hills where sleeps the unknown soldier.

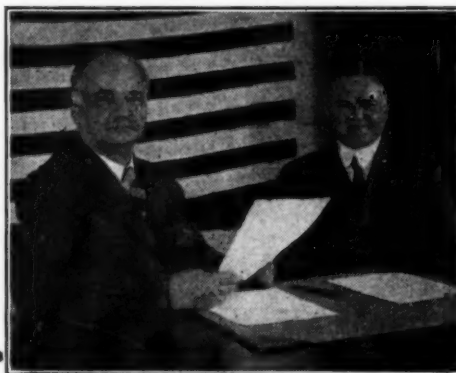
With scarcely a sense of moving in the air, above, they were all soon left far behind as we bounded through the billows of clouds in the pulsing Condor ship, of the Eastern Transport swifter than any bird that ever skimmed the skies or any hurricane that ever blew, one hundred and twenty miles an hour. Drone of motors came through the curtain of cotton in both ears. Then the gum! Now I understand why Will Rogers flies—it gives him an excuse to chew more gum.

In these visiting chats the one thing I hope to eliminate is any suggestion of partisan politics, for I know there are as many good Democrats as Republicans—and vice versa. We all belong to the same fraternity of national citizenship. Each is entitled respect for his or her convictions—and may the best man win! But I feel that all will be interested in an event which occurred at our National Capitol this week.

Governor Roosevelt, thoroughly air-minded, flew to his own notification and arrived before the cheering in the convention that nominated him in Chicago had ceased. He made one of his characteristic and rousing addresses in good voice, exemplifying the dauntless Rooseveltian impulse to move swiftly, and made a departure in methods of notifying a presidential candidate.

In spite of his statement that his trip from Albany was a bit bumpy in the air, I decided to fly to the notification extended

to Herbert Hoover to announce that his name was to be placed upon the Republican ballot as a candidate for president. Another who took to the air to "carry the message to Garcia" was the widow of the intrepid Teddy Roosevelt, who was given a great ovation. At the White House reception, she seemed to be stepping out of the portrait hanging on the wall of the executive mansion, which she had so highly honored as hostess and first lady of the land for seven eventful years.



President Hoover and Vice-President Curtis in a conference preparing plans for the 1932 campaign with supreme confidence in the results

Four years ago to the day, I was in Palo Alto and witnessed the first notification of Herbert Hoover amid his Alma Mater in the Leland Stanford Stadium.

There was a birthday cake then as there was in Washington that day, commemorating the anniversary date that Hulda Hoover looked upon the blue-eyed babe in that humble Iowa home, little dreaming of the destiny awaiting the Quaker lad, born 58 years ago.

The boy scouts and the camp fire girls were there and brought their mammoth cake containing 40,000 personal greetings sent from Winchester, Mass.

WORK was the order of that birthday for Herbert Hoover.

Now for the notification! On the White House lawn gathered the committee appointed, and in the Blue Room, Mrs. Hoover, attired in blue dress to match her twinkling eyes, received the guests, who extended the home-like gathering on to the lawn, where the brilliant scarlet of the Marine Band and the prismatic summer shades of the ladies' costumes made a colorful picture against the background of the green grass

and trees. The men wore white trousers—but alas, I sat on the green and some stray ice cream, adding more color from the rear.

In Constitution Hall, filled with expectant and enthusiastic admirers, on August 10, Hoover was notified. Under the pitiless spotlight of the picture cameras, the President proceeded to read his address from a rack a little above the level of his eyes, necessitating keeping his head up, so that the audience could see his face now and then through the battery of microphones.

There was a wave of expectancy as he approached the discussion of the Eighteenth Amendment and you could feel the tensiety that followed his words far out in infinite space to the millions thirstily listening in.

His voice broke with suppressed emotion when he said:

"No man with a spark of humanity can sit in my place without suffering from the picture of their anxieties and hardships before him day and night. They would be more than human if they were not led to blame their condition upon the government in power.

"I have understood their sufferings and have worked to the limits of my strength to produce action that would really help them."

* * *

Yes, you and I heard the comments pro and con. The words of the President may not have pleased all, but his speech remains an outstanding event in the opening of the Presidential campaign.

In the sultry stillness of the night in convention Hall his closing words were given with the earnestness of a prayer.

"I have but one desire; that is, to see my country again on the road to prosperity which shall be more sane and lasting through the lesson of this experience, to see the principles and ideals of the American people perpetuated.

"I shall hope long before another four years have passed to see the world prosperous and at peace and every American home again in the sunshine of genuine progress and genuine prosperity. I shall seek to maintain untarnished and unweakened those fundamental traditions and principles upon which our nation was founded and upon which it has grown. I shall invite and welcome the help of every man and woman in the preservation of the United States for the happiness of its people. This is my pledge to the Nation and my pledge to the Almighty God."

Tom Watched -- With the Watch Missing

One of the early sketches written by Ellis Parker Butler that brought Christmas smiles in the days when he was struggling to own a wrist watch.

OF course if you are in love with a girl and as good as engaged to her, you have to give her a Christmas present. It may not be good form, but it is good policy. And Tom Morgan had always given Maude Steinhammer pretty nice presents. In fact he usually began to save for it about July first, but this year he was fool enough to buy a watch. It was a good watch, solid gold, with his monogram engraved on the glittering case, and he was very proud of it, but Christmas found him without funds, and Maude to be remembered. So he pawned it, and bought a pretty lace pin for Maude and sent it "with best wishes and love." Maude was tickled nearly to death over it. She was such a dear girl, anyway, and he always wore her picture near his heart. At least, it was pasted in the case of his watch, and that is near enough for any practical purpose. He had some scruples about pawning Maude, but she was pasted in good and solid, so she was laid away in Solomon Levi's safe with the watch. Only temporarily, remember.

Christmas eve, Tom parted his hair in the middle, put on his red striped tie and viewed himself in his glass. His vest pained him. It was too dead, too black. He missed the glitter of his watch chain. It relieved the dullness of the black vicuna. So he put a few keys on the chain to hold the watchless end in his pocket, gave his tie a last pat, and went out. He had a call to make at Maude's house.

As he stepped on the car, the conductor noticed the chain.

"Say mister," he said, "gimme the time, will you? My watch ain't runnin' tonight."

Tom smiled sickly.

"Sorry," he said, "neither is mine."

The conductor laughed.

"Christmas breaks us all up, don't it?" he said.

Tom haughtily buttoned up his coat.

It was bad enough to have to pawn his watch, without having it patent to the world. As he entered the car, every one glanced at him. He felt that they must have heard the words of the low fellow. He felt as if he was plastered over with pawn-tickets. He felt—but soon he forgot his shame in thoughts of the pleasure of meeting Maude. The car seemed to creep. When at length

it reached his destination, he knew he must be late.

Unconsciously he drew from his pocket—a bunch of keys. An old lady and a sedate old man smiled. He saw a small boy nudge his mother.

His face burned, and he left the car feeling like a criminal.

But Maude, dear Maude, soon chased away

clock strike, and always scold me the next morning about how late you stay. Well, I've stopped the clock so they can't hear it. We don't need it because you have your watch."

Tom smiled, sickly. He felt so; very. If Maude knew he had pawned his watch! Oh, holy Moses!

Maude was such a dear, affectionate little thing. She liked to snuggle up to a fellow,

and investigate his coat pockets, and look to see if her picture was still in his watch. She had so many nice little ways! Talk about diplomacy! Talleyrand would have died of chagrin had he seen Tom's artful efforts to keep Maude at arm's length.

There was one pocket in which he always carried some dainty little breath perfumers and she had a pretty habit of finding them. A cold chill crept up his back when he remembered he had put the pawn ticket in that pocket.

"Mama gave papa a watch for Christmas," said Maude artlessly, "and I believe it is the living image of yours. They are so pretty."

Tom wriggled.

"Not half as pretty as some eyes I know," he said, and she hid them. But she didn't forget the watch.

"I wonder what time it is," she said presently.

"Oh, it's early yet," he said, and added reproachfully, "but if you are tired, I'll go home."

"Oh no!" she cried. "I didn't mean that. I only wondered," and then she added, "I believe you are afraid to show it to me because you have some other girl's photo in it."

"Why Maude!" he exclaimed, "you know that is not so, I have only yours."

"I want to see," she pouted.

"Look in the mirror," he said, "and you'll see a prettier face than any photograph could be."

He was very uneasy. He looked at the clock constantly, hoping it was late enough to go, but the clock was stopped. Once he thoughtlessly reached for his watch, and shuddered as he remembered in time.

He talked rapidly and with forced brilliancy. He did cake-walks and pranced around the room so that he would not have to sit near her. He made a speech, and mimicked all the popular actors. He felt himself all kinds of a fool. Maude seemed surprised.

At length he announced that he must go. He felt he must go crazy.



Ellis Parker Butler
Author and Banker

his cares. There was a bunch of mistletoe on the hall light, and he smothered her thanks for the lace pin—some way. She didn't care, not a bit. Nice girl, Maude.

So thoughtful, too. She meant to have a good long evening with him, she said. Pa and ma had retired already.

"And you know they can hear the parlor

Joining The Procession "Back To School"

Many of their Elders are joining the Children in the Spirit of "Back to School" to learn the Lessons that have come in these later Times

HERE we are, growing young again! "Back to school" is a dominating thought in the autumn.

You may have witnessed inspiring processions and pageants. I looked upon the impressive parade of the Grand Army of the Republic on Pennsylvania Avenue; the welcome to Dewey; the historic royal pageant in London when King Edward was crowned at Westminster; the return of the American Expeditionary troops from France, the ovations to Lindbergh in New York; but no procession in all this panorama of my observations as a newspaper man and editor has thrilled me more than to see the streets lined with boys and girls going "back to school."

Faces reflect the hope that springs eternal in the human breast. Free from artificial restraint, they express a naturalness comparable to a budding flower—for indeed Youth remains the flower of hope for humanity.

With books under their arms, boys in playful bouts cut in and out of the line, while the little ladies trip along in their new dresses and hair ribbons, indicating the loving thought of mother and father at home to give them a useful education, the greatest heritage that can come to any American.

Recruits of the great army of citizenship coming after,—the children remain the most vital concern of the Republic.

Billions expended on war and its aftermath total far more than the amount now spent on the education of the youth of our country.

At the Child Welfare Conference, President Hoover declared:

"If we could have but one generation properly born, trained, and educated, of healthy children, a thousand other problems would vanish. We would assure ourselves of healthier minds in more vigorous bodies to direct the energies of our nation to greater heights of achievements—moreover one good community nurse will save a dozen future policemen Let no one believe these are questions which shall not stir a nation."

The old French philosopher insisted that a boy or girl is better unborn than untaught. The Talmud of the ancient people declares that the world is only saved by the breath of school children.

The all-absorbing event for old and young of early autumn is "Back to school." It opens a floodtide of memories, even to the antics that brought punishment.

This morning I recalled the teacher who

caught me when I put a strip of cloth in my nose, blowing it up like a waving flag to attract attention. It made the children laugh and play, like Mary's lamb, but I was marched to the rostrum and made to repeat my act, and sit there all day—to do penance. School day pranks all play their part in after life, even to the sharp-shooter spit-balls that bombarded the bald head of "Pansy" Butler and the feathers that brought furious strokes for absent flies.

In speeches delivered in schools in many states, I have found inspiring audiences of boys and girls, recalling, "As I look into your bright and happy faces," proclaimed by Judge Trainor, our old school trustee,—(and how I wished he would change his grim look). Often I have felt that I might be facing some coming president of the United States, to say nothing of future senators and congressmen, industrial leaders and others who would later occupy high positions in life.

A concrete case comes home to me when I find one of the lads, a former Dorchester High School boy, now running for United States Senator from Wisconsin. The splendid success achieved in his campaign harks back to his school days 19 years ago in old Boston town. That boy happens to be my nephew John B. Chapple.

In chatting with Ed Wynn, the leader of "The Laugh Parade," attired in dressing gown in the quietude of a morning hour, his big blue eyes sparkling with humor behind the spectacles and with his half-moon smile he made a confession, that indicated he was more than a Perfect Fool.

"Early in school days I began gathering every joke and every bit of humor I could lay my hands on. Now I have a collection aggregating nearly eighty thousand, filed away and ready for reference."

Ed Wynn began this life work in the old Central High School in Philadelphia, and the Quaker teacher punished him for his jokes during recitation with a smile lurking in her eyes and in his.

He continued, "The one great ambition of my life, is to see people smile and enjoy life as those children yonder, playing on the green. Do you ever notice they use their voices as an outlet of energy? Shouts cries and laughter. I would like to see a fifteen minute period in every school in the country, devoted to jokes and humor, so as to start out the day right. The interest of children in the funny papers indicates what they crave. A man or woman is usually safe and sane when he or she has a sense of humor. My conviction is that it can be taught and made a part of the

school curriculum, as well as reading, writing and arithmetic."

This chat set me thinking of what my own ears have heard in the comments of school days with eminent people.

Andrew Carnegie, laird of Skibo Castle, while stricking his beard, told me that the first penny he ever earned was for reciting a poem of Robert Burns in the Dumfriesshire school. Henry Ford spoke of the privilege given him by his school teacher to construct a water wheel near the old brick schoolhouse in Dearborn during school hours, to provide an example to others. This encouraged the budding mechanical bent that later made Detroit the motor center of the world.

Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, sitting in the executive office of Columbia, the world's largest university, recited to me the lines of his favorite poem, "In School Days" by John Greenleaf Whittier:

Within, the master's desk is seen,

Deep scarred by raps official;

The warping floor, the battered seats,

The jack-knife's carved initial.

After talking with children of today, I find the same old impulse prevails—"Back to school" brings mingled emotions—a lively anticipation of what the new teacher will look like; to see the fellows and the girls after the vacation days; and, alas, that dread of study and examinations, worriments as real to those little folks as any problems that come to us in later years.

The atmosphere of the schoolroom is redolent with romance. Associated with the days of "back to school" comes the memory of the first sweetheart—and that first kiss.

While teaching school, the vivacious Grace Goodhue was won by the silent, studious Calvin Coolidge. During college days Calvin Coolidge won a national prize for the best essay on the "Causes of the War of Independence," and forgot to tell his father about it until long afterwards.

During the presidential campaign in 1880 little Calvin, aged eight, on his way to school asked his father for a cent to buy a stick of horehound candy. His request was refused, because it was feared the Democrats might carry the election, and it was a time to be careful of pennies. Garfield was elected and he got a penny out of Mother's butter jar after election.

Lou Henry and Herbert Hoover met during their school days, and added a marriage certificate to the college diploma.

There was a hearty chuckle in the voice of Al Smith as he recalled to me scenes of the brief school days he enjoyed on the East Side in New York where he lost the

In The Memory of Re-Creation Days

The Anticipations of Recreation Days crystallize into Realization to help us to face the Tasks of the Coming Year with Faith and Hopeful Understanding

AMID the chattering buzz after church I heard echoes of the vacation chorus, "Where did you go this summer?" There was pathos in some responses, "Stayed at home and got our tan in the backyard this year." And yet it was all said with a courageous smile greeting the inevitable. It may have proved the happiest year of all in the meeting and making of real friends around home.

A short time ago I visited with Floyd Gibbons, who put his one good eye on me and detoured from politics to chat about himself. It so happens that his birthday occurs about the same time as mine, and we discussed rubies, our July birthstone. While he was born in Washington, he began his newspaper experience in Minneapolis where fall the laughing waters of Minnehaha, and drifted over to famous Milwaukee and floated on to Chicago, where he landed on the Tribune staff, in 1912. As a war correspondent on the Mexican border in that romantic dash to capture Francisco Villa dead or alive, he won his first spurs.

The acquaintance then formed with General Pershing led to associations during the World War that served him well. The adventure at Chateau Thierry cost him the use of one eye, but he keeps on seeing things for his readers more clearly than ever. He was aboard the Laconia which was submarined in 1917, two hundred miles off the Irish Coast. Rescued in a small boat, he cabled a four thousand word account of the event while his clothes were still dripping with salt water. Later as editor of the European edition of the Chicago Tribune in Paris, he came in close touch with men as well as affairs in the stormy turmoil of Europe.

His great hobby is travel. "I must keep on the go to make the old brain box work," he commented as he left to file a dispatch.

This summer I visited with Amelia Earhart Putman after her triumphal return from a social function in New York followed by the siren motorcycle cavalcade to the hotel. The tousled-headed and smiling Amelia was truly the heroine of the metropolis this week. She sent her greetings to Boston with a reminiscent glow in her bright blue eyes, while she referred to the many happy years spent in Medford town where her great life ambition to fly was initiated and crystallized.

Made a trip to the Advertising Convention recently by airplane. It was a soupy day and several trips were cancelled, but nearly one hundred people left our wonderful East Boston airport that day. Everyone seemed in a hurry—chafing at delays. One man paid a premium of \$25. to get a

seat in a ship because he insisted he must get to New York by 3:30. An airplane ticket that day was like buying a lottery ticket. Out of the fog the ship soared over Boston harbor, and nosed south as the bird flies, while eight passengers chewing gum rendered a jaw chorus, with cotton imbedded in their ears.

Conversation was limited by the noise, but I managed to read the proofs of the next issue of the Reader's Rapid Review several thousand feet in the air, and mind my "p's" and "q's". Over the cheese-cloth covered tobacco fields of the Connecticut Valley, the sun came out, and dear old New England was revealed in all her glowing beauty. Skirting the Sound, flying low, the passengers were pointing out homes of friends on the seashore, and surveying the beaches lined with tiny dots representing human beings. It was a hot day below, but cool above, for the thermometer goes down three degrees every thousand feet in the air.

Arriving in New York at sunset the giant skyscrapers stood up like ghostly skyline monuments in the blue haze. Ever since Moses was on Pisgah, human beings have longed for a view of mother earth from great heights above. The air-minded traveler climbing high is thrilled by the new dimension revealed in a perspective obtained from a floating perch thousands of feet in the air.

Swooping down on the Newark airport from which a thousand people leave every day en route to all points of the compass, it seemed good to feel the warm breath of mother earth as we swallowed vigorously to save throbbing ears in the descent.

Digging the cotton out of the ears and dashing through the Holland Tunnel in a sixteen cylinder cadillac, I found myself at the Waldorf to attend the Advertising Convention within three hours after leaving Boston.

Following in the wake of marvels, I heard an address that day by Dr. Phillips Thomas of the Westinghouse Company on "Electrons at Work and Play." It is their new pet child. He made a demonstration that made us hold our breath. A beam of light was opening a door with a shadow, which indicates we will not even have to turn the doorknobs in the future. Turning on the switch for electric light is eliminated from the shoulders of labor, for the magic electric eye turns it on automatically and affords perfect lighting as the shadows of darkness gather. Now the problem is going to be turning off, rather than turning on, as with the radio. Anyhow, we had a delightful hour after skimming the skies with the gay electrons and beams of light

Julius Klein, assistant secretary of commerce, was the speaker following electric eyes. With emphatic radio voice and curving Grecian gesture he told the delegates assembled from all parts of the country of "Advertising's Opportunity," and gave the letter "O" sign with uplifted encircled arms.

The gorgeous lighting effects of the ballroom auditorium reminded him of the golden days of his birthplace in San Jose valley, from whence came the prunes grown under the sunny skies of California.

During the summer eminent Potentates and Shriners from many New England temples, made a pilgrimage to Boston and joined Aleppo Shrine in celebrating its 50th anniversary in historic Mechanics Hall, owned by the charitable organization of which Paul Revere was president. The colorful parade of oriental luxuriance under direction of Potentate Roy A. Fay, music by Walter M. Smith's Band under Fred Brogan and Adolph Saunders put Aleppo and its 15,000 members on the map. This reminded that I had been in the original Aleppo on the map of Asia while en route to Ancient Bagdad. The strange scenes and smells of that historic oriental city were faded-out picture compared to the brilliant gathering of the Nobles in Boston, suggesting the glory of King Solomon's time.

While chatting about current events we must not forget that our fellow-citizen, Jack Sharkey, counts this a notable year in his career. With ears glued to the radio, the fans heard an account of the fight for the heavyweight championship of the world that brought the crown to Boston for the resident of Chestnut Hill. This recalls my last visit with the champion John L. Sullivan born at Smith Cove on Dover Street Boston, which I enjoyed at his chicken farm in West Abington. It was even more than interviewing him in the heyday of his glory. When he reminisced on his bare-knuckle fights and gestured with that sturdy right that had delivered many a heavy blow—I gently moved out of the orbit.

During the past summer many eminent people have received honorary degrees from the many educational institutions of Boston—the largest student center in the world. Without pomp and circumstance, Mrs. Lou Henry Hoover, wife of the President of the United States, received a degree at Tufts College. The first Lady of the Land long ago won her laurels as a scholar and writer. Her appearance in cap and gown at Medford Hillside reminded me of the days in Waterloo, Iowa when she attended school in a gingham gown with twin braids down her back, little dreaming that a Black Hawk County girl would one day be the

mistress of the White House.

Every time I face an audience of boys and girls, I always think that someone of them present may some day be President of the United States, if the political parties so decree.

On a gala evening this season I had a chat with Paul Whiteman, during an intermission, at the Cascade Gardens in New York. I scarcely recognized the pioneer leader of the jazz bands whom I had met in the halcyon days in Florida when real estate was quoted at sky high prices. He had been following the popular pastime of the times, by reducing—in more ways than one.

There was the same old staccato motion of the baton and beaming smile, but there was about one hundred pounds of flesh missing. When he looked at me, sympathetically and grimly remarked, "It's losing the first hundred pounds that hurts."

I was then presented to "Ramona," the new star jazz pianist from Cincinnati, with hair combed over her head in the good old Indian Fashion, and with a contralto voice that defies the moaning saxophones in sounding the Red Man's "love call." Her graceful form on the piano stool, swinging to syncopated rhythm, was an attractive high spot in Paul Whiteman's jolly jazz jamboree.

Swift-moving incidents and air flights this week have made me more than ever an irredeemable optimist. The darkest days have passed. The country will soon recover from the throes of political conventions, Congress in session, and budget balancing and settle down to a contemplation of real vacation days with more jobs in the offing—and more taxes.

The presidential campaign may lure from its hiding place the one billion six hundred thousand dollars of currency that is overstaying its vacation allowance. What the world needs now is less worrying about

money and more work to worry about. More employment will come as the wozzy season passes and the old specter of Suspicion has been given a long, long holiday supplanted by an old friend Confidence.

Somehow I can see the people in groups convention assembled all over the land, in their homes, in every hamlet, village, town and city, resolving that each one is going to do his or her part in becoming real salesmen for something besides themselves with a thought towards helping the other fellow to sell his goods, realizing that it helps you to sell your own.

The old familiar quatrain comes to mind:

"Count that day lost whose low
descending sun
Views from thy hand no worthy
action done."

Isn't this something to remember during vacation days? It is the time for re-Creation as well as recreation. A quotation was given me last night by a young friend who is about to launch a new enterprise, dauntless and unafraid in these times, inspired by the basic thought:

"You are just what you are and do,
Give to the world the best you have
And the best will come back to you."

This is the time for building ourselves into a sportsmanship that endures, that is ready to give and take. As Owen D. Young said to a graduating class recently, "If you can survive the initial shock you will have the most favoring circumstances for service presented to young people of any time."

I can see Owen Young's long legs unfold as his tall form waves forward with a dynamic gesture of appeal with black eyes flashing kindly hope to the youth who are beginning to build their futures in these times of a real test for endurance.

A song comes to mind that will be sung

for you with words that ring out a dominating thought for these vacation days, and carries with it the inspiring thought that there is always with us the Supreme Builder who directs and shapes the destinies of life, rough hew them as we may. This voice Eternal is resonant with a welcome appropriate to these days. He offers to walk with you and with me, keeping pace with faith, attuned to high hopes, with a charity and love ever-abiding that sounds a call to arms—the everlasting arms of Friendship opened wide, to build with one another a glorious tomorrow in the kindly light of good cheer, o'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till the night is gone, and the morning dawns.

To Matterhorn Grim Summit from Zermatt *Continued from page 187*

of the mountains from capturing the marrow of our bones. As soon as the banners of rose, lilac and delphinium faded into cold gray we left the rocky summit of the Gornergrat to the solitary company of the telescope.

The next morning at 4:20 we mounted the summit again in the dusk and watched the pale eastern sky turn to silver. Inch by inch the western peaks caught the spirit of the dawn and finally the Matterhorn glowed like a torch for a few golden minutes. Then day arrived. Through the telescope we watched four climbers scale the last rocky ridge of the Matterhorn which looks the part of an obelisk and is but the picturesque end of a ridge.

From the frigid air of the Gornergrat we literally slid down into the valley of the Visp to Zermatt, the most fascinating though swanky Alpine center in Switzerland.

Joining The Procession "Back To School"

spelling match by giving "Manhattan" only one "t."

Irving Cobb told me of how his sense of humor developed in the old school house in Paducah, Kentucky, with a hickory stick back of the door, used on him because of his fondness for studying the jokes in the old Almanac, instead of his arithmetic, which had the answers in the back of the book.

Woodrow Wilson was the great school master president of the United States, and I thought of him when I visited the scenes of his school days at Davidson College, and sat in the room in which he wrote his first oration. Known as "Tommy" Wilson, the records reveal that he was fined 25c for throwing peanut hulls on the floor.

As President of the United States, while revisiting the haunts of school days, he pointed to the dormitory window out of which he used to fairly leap in order to be on time for his classes.

The birthday of General John J. Pershing was celebrated this month. During the war at his suggestion I visited Laclede, Mo., where he was born and attended school, also the academy at Kirksville, where he sat up nights on his return from the summer's work on the farm, and won the competitive examination for West Point which determined his life career.

In the heyday of his fame, Admiral Dewey regaled me with anecdotes of his school days in Montpelier, Vermont. From the sea chest in his office, which had been with him on the "Olympia" at the Battle of Manila, he took out an old school book, containing a sketch of John Paul Jones. "This book was the first influence in deciding upon a naval career. That is why I have carried it with me everywhere, all over the world, as a priceless treasure."

There was a school rivalry between John D. Rockefeller, Sr. and the late Mark A. Hanna during the school days in Cleveland, Ohio, for the favor of a little lass who later

became Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, the mother of John D. Rockefeller, Jr. "Uncle Mark" Hanna grimly commented to me, "John D. gave her the apples while I gave her the smiles. He won."

In a letter written to me a few years ago, Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt made a memorable declaration. "The true measure of any man can best be taken by testing the intensity and warmth of his affection for children and his interest in the concerns of his fellowmen."

All the world's a school! Children are not the only ones going "back to school" in these trying days. We elders have yet many lessons to learn to dial the right station in life and adjust ourselves to conditions of today and tomorrow, as the children are doing in school. Turn off the wallings about the past and tune in with sympathetic receptivity to the irrepressible spirit of youth in school days.

Yes, boys and girls we are going back to school with you. Young and old must pre-

Continued on page 204

Directing the G. O. P. Presidential Campaign

Chairman Everett Sanders, Hoosier born and reared, former Secretary to Calvin Coolidge, is conducting the Republican National Committee organized for 1932 to reelect President Herbert Hoover

IN the early 1900's, along the banks of the Wabash, a Hoosier lad, in "blue jeans" pants and a hickory shirt, drove a load of apples to the thriving city of Terre Haute, where he sold them for twenty-five cents a bushel. It was the first time this boy, born and reared in a log cabin near the banks of the river that made Indiana famous, had ever seen electric lights. On this, his first mercantile venture, he was accompanied by his father, a staunch missionary Baptist preacher, who pointed out Edison's discovery to the young man in the palatial lobby of the Terre Haute House, a hostelry into which they gazed but dared not enter because of its elegance.

On that memorable day, the young man had his first ride on a trolley car. With his father as his companion, he found many wonders in the metropolis of the Wabash valley. It was a day of "firsts" for him. It was his first trip to a "big city." Terre Haute then numbered only a few thousand souls. The electric lights and the trolley car were to him two of the seven wonders of the world and that day he had his first ice cream soda at the corner drug store. With his father, he bought peanuts and gazed into the windows of the stores, and rubbed elbows with people from the city, in fine raiment.

Since then many things have happened to that Hoosier lad. He is now one of the Nation's notables. But no day before or since stands out so brightly in his memory as the day on which he brought that load of apples to "Terry Hut."

Today, the Hoosier lad, grown up, is driving the biggest band wagon in the United States. Instead of apples, he has a choice load of plums, political, of course, which will be dispensed after the election.

The Hoosier boy was Everett Sanders, now Chairman of the Republican National Committee, charged with the re-election of Herbert Hoover as President of the United States. It is a sizeable job, but Sanders has never shied at big jobs. From the profession of law, to which he is devoted, and in which he holds a high place, he has been called repeatedly to public service. First, as a young man, he succeeded in a notable race for Congress against a Democrat—firmly entrenched in Congress by several successive terms of service. Notwithstanding the fact that Eugene V. Debs, the Socialist, polled ten thousand votes on a third ticket and a Democrat, Woodrow Wilson, was elected president, Sanders came out victorious.

Sanders served his district notably. Soon he became a member of the powerful steer-

ing committee of the House and of other influential committees. When at the height of his power in Congress, after four terms service, he announced that he would not run for Congress again but would return to the practice of law.

Before the term in Congress was ended, there came a call from William M. Butler, then Republican National Chairman, asking him to run the National Speakers' Bureau, the toughest job of the lot. That was in 1924. President Coolidge was elected and Sanders returned to Washington for his final days in Congress. Sanders finished

the national official machinery.

The business of being the buffer and the mouthpiece and the man who has to say "yes" or "no" at the President's door is not an easy job. The spotlight is fierce. The responsibility is tremendous. In many instances, the fate of the President is in his hands. One or two slips and the President's Secretary is discredited. Sanders was courteous and amiable. He was deliberate. He was firm. And the appreciation of his Chief is evidenced by the fact that one of the most cordial friendships Calvin Coolidge has today is with Everett Sanders.

It was while he was Secretary to President Coolidge that a very close friendship grew up between him and Herbert Hoover, then Secretary of Commerce, with whom he had long been acquainted. Hoover has always thought well of Sanders.

When President Coolidge retired, Sanders retired. Once more, he went back to the law, as the head of one of the oldest and largest firms in Chicago and Washington. He enjoyed a splendid practice and was successful and happy in his work, when again the Republican Party slipped up on him and stole him away almost before he knew it. And did he fall for it! In a casual way, they first asked him if he would not go out to Chicago and be Sergeant-at-Arm of the Republican National Convention. He thought it would be rather fun to take about a couple of weeks off, so, making definite Washington engagements immediately after the Convention, and planning a summer vacation, he took the job. At the close of the Convention, when he was paying off the doorkeepers, his final duty as Sergeant-at-Arms, a Committee of impressive gentlemen called on him.

"Everett," they said, "We've got another job we'd like to have you do. And, by the way, the President himself suggested you."

"Why certainly, I'd be glad to do it," replied the genial Mr. Sanders.

"The job is the National Chairmanship."

"But Gentlemen, you see....." Sanders began.

"The President wants you," the Committee went right on. "And there are some important things to take up with you at once."

Thus was Everett Sanders again thrown into heavy responsibilities, a grind of hard work and a job of national proportions.

Calvin Coolidge always liked Everett Sanders. Save for one of those small but decisive quips of politics, Everett Sanders might have been Mr. Coolidge's running mate in 1924. But that is another story. At other times, he might have been Governor of Indiana and at one time his friends



Hon. Everett Sanders
Chairman Republican National Committee
Former Congressman from Indiana and
Secretary to President Coolidge

that job. As a call of courtesy, he went over to the White House one morning to pay his respects to President Coolidge. As he was about to leave, the Chief Executive detained him and asked him if he would accept the Secretaryship to the President. At that time, there was only one Secretary to the President. The position was one of great responsibility and power. Again Sanders was diverted from his return to his law books to become an important cog in

Behind the Green Door in Old Toledo

A Story of Spain that brings back the Romance of the Ancient Monarchy and has to do with a dark eyed young senorita of fair Toledo

By ANNIE T. COLCOCK

AS *Senor de Cabrera* and his young companion separated themselves from the crowd outside the door of the Cathedral, Don Jacinto presented himself ingratiatingly at the old gentleman's elbow. In that quarter he was sure of his welcome; but it was with considerable trepidation that he glanced across at the fair young face under the folds of the lace mantilla; and, with a sudden sinking of the heart and quickening of the pulse, he observed the cool indifference with which she acknowledged the introduction. Nevertheless, he accepted Don Pedro's invitation to dinner; upon which the shadow on Mercedes' face deepened still more. Seeing this, the young caballero felt considerable pique; for he was accustomed to being sought after by the *senoras* of Madrid, and welcomed with marked cordiality at those houses where there happened to be *senoritas* of a marriageable age.

Leaving behind them the stream of people that flowed on toward the *Zocodover*—once the fashionable promenade of gay squires and fair ladies, *hidalgos* and beauties of proud Castile, and now the afternoon resort of the little remnant of society that still survives in the ancient city—our three companions turned their steps toward home. Along the way, Don Pedro pointed out to his young guest, from time to time, some old Gothic ruin or the crumbling arabesques of a Moorish arch about which tradition had woven a fabric of romantic legend. To these tales Mercedes listened with breathless interest; while Jacinto seized the opportunity of studying the almost childish contour of the girl's soft cheek, the mobile curve of the lips, and the upward curl of the long silken lashes, all of which gave to her face its exquisite charm.

To the young man, that whole evening was one of unmixed pleasure. The simple meal—about which Mercedes had suffered keen anxiety—was to him the most enjoyable he had tasted since his arrival in Toledo. Before his overflowing good humor and very evident admiration, the girl's coolness thawed gradually; and when—the dinner over—she observed her grandfather's longing glance toward his unopened newspaper, it was not entirely a spirit of self sacrifice that prompted her to accept Jacinto's offer of assistance in her evening task of watering the flowers in the little patio.

Sebastiano, who had arrived late to the meal, treated the guest with marked avoidance, of which Don Jacinto—attributing his manner to sensitiveness caused by his infirmity—was only half aware. When the light-hearted young stranger forestalled him as Mercedes' assistant, a dark scowl gathered on the brow of the dwarf, and his sallow face flushed painfully. With his head resting on his lean little hand, he sat behind the half

closed blinds of a window on the upper floor, and followed with furtive, hungry eyes, the movements of the two young people in the patio beneath him. The lithe, well knit figure of Jacinto, moving with graceful activity, woke a passion of envy in his bosom.

"Ah, Dios mio!" he sighed again and again, "for six feet of manhood and a face like that! Dios mio! Dios mio!"

Between Mercedes and Don Jacinto there had been, hitherto, no allusion to their former meeting; but now, as the young man tilted the great earthen jar over the girl's little watering pot, their eyes met with a flash of mutual understanding.

"*Senorita*," said Jacinto, with mock gravity, as he set his burden on the tiled floor, "*senorita*, if I should chance to die to-night, bid them carve this emblem on my tomb," and he pointed to the water jar with a gesture full of meaning.

Mercedes colored, but the soft curve of her lip trembled with suppressed merriment.

"If it be too heavy, caballero," she said, "I will call Sebastiano."

Jacinto laughed gaily, and came a step nearer.

"*Dona Mercedes*, this is the second time I have entered yonder door," he began, in a low voice.

"Si, caballero," admitted the girl, without raising her eyes.

"But only the first time I have found what I sought," finished the young man, softly.

There was no reply, and he continued, in the same tone: "Where were you that evening?"

She bent over the flowers and broke away a handful of dead leaves from a geranium.

"I was busy," she replied, calmly, after a pause, but there was a little spot of bright color on the cheek turned toward him. "I was busy, and I was tired. Old Josefa, our only servant, was sick, and I had much of her work to do. Our fortunes, caballero," she continued, rising and speaking rapidly, "are, as you may perceive, far from what those of the *Senores de Cabrera* were wont to be. My grandfather is an old man, and the emoluments of his office are extremely small, but we try to spare him, as far as possible, the narrow economies which would be so trying to a man brought up to wealth. My cousin, poor Sebastiano, brings in a little aid with as much regularity as his health permits, and I, having no means of adding to our income, can at least strive to make it go as far as possible." She paused for breath, her bosom heaving, and her eyes flashing brightly. "Honest labor, caballero, cannot degrade those in whose veins flows the blood of the princes of Castile. Alas! that a noble line should have none left to represent it, save a poor hunchback, and a weak wo-

man!" and, with a sad little gesture, she turned away.

The young man's eyes burned with admiration, as he exclaimed quickly: "Even the blood of princes is ennobled, *senorita*, when it flows in the veins of an angel!"

Mercedes faced him instantly, with a slight curl of her soft lip.

"Don Jacinto forgets," she corrected icily. "He should say, rather, 'in the veins of a kitchen wench!'"

The sting of this evident quotation left the youth speechless, the red blood mounted to his forehead and he gazed dumbly at the girl with an expression of utter dismay. His complete discomfiture woke one of her ever ready smiles, and the red lips parted over her little white teeth.

"Sebastiano has betrayed you," she laughed, coming to his rescue. "But he never guessed that you had seen the original of the medallion—in her kitchen garb. It was my portrait you purchased, caballero, and my poor cousin is quite heart broken, for he considers it his masterpiece."

"That it may well be," Jacinto replied, his heart beating once more at a normal rate of speed. "That it may well be. But do not bid me yield it up to him, *senorita*, for it is the possession which I prize most on earth."

"Indeed," she responded coolly, as Don Pedro, newspaper in hand, approached them, "I dreamt not that its artistic value was so great."

A week passed, a week of long, sunny spring days, which, in the years that followed, were to Don Jacinto a golden memory. Afternoons spent in the patio among the flowers, evenings in the cosy little comedor, arguing with Don Pedro over the questions of the moment—the latest news from Cuba, the attitude of America, the rising in the Filipinos—these were all hours of bliss unalloyed; for it was at Mercedes' side that he carried the water jar, and it was Mercedes, needlework in hand, who sat on the other side of the table, with the light of the lamp streaming over her as she drank in the earnest arguments of Don Pedro and the light word play of his young antagonist.

But those were grave days to all thinking minds; and, at last, even the light hearted Jacinto began to feel, in the fervent atmosphere of that little room, that patriotism consisted in something more than merely shouting, "Viva Espana con honor!"

After listening to Don Pedro's stories of his own young days—tales of Carlist risings and civil war—emphasized by the warm glances of Mercedes, this young gallant of Madrid became more and more conscious that in this quarter, at least, his title to admiration must

rest on another foundation than mere social success.

On more than one occasion Senor de Cabrera had broached the subject of his future career, but without meeting with much encouragement. It was not that Jacinto was lacking in ambition, or in courage; but only that, so far, nothing had occurred to break the bubble of his holiday content. For him it was the blue and golden springtide of the sunny land of Spain, and he was in the heyday of his youth and the first glow of his young love. In his heart of hearts he desired, then, no other occupation save that of making love to Mercedes.

He found her alone in the patio one afternoon, seated beside her flowers and plying her needle busily. Old Josefa—with whom Jacinto, owing to sundry little donations, was a prime favorite—nodded sleepily inside the kitchen door; and, from his little window on the upper floor, Sebastiano—although out of earshot—was able to maintain a jealous watch over the little courtyard beneath. Regardless of the deaf old woman, the talk flowed more unrestrainedly than usual, and neither of them suspected the espionage of the jealous little dwarf, who had become more morose as the week went by and Jacinto's visits were repeated with increasing frequency.

It has been one of the most brilliant days of that cloudless spring, and the patio was still half bathed in afternoon sunshine. The flowers drooped a little in the warm, dry atmosphere, and their perfume rose almost cloyingly sweet. The centre of this sunny picture was the girl's slight figure, gowned in black, as usual, with the lace mantilla—which she had donned for an errand on the street an hour before—still closely pinned about her dark head. In her hands was a strip of linen which shone the whiter in contrast with her gown. A slanting ray of sunlight touched her bent head, and her downcast eyes, fringed by long lashes, recalled to Don Jacinto's mind the Virgin of Velazquez, in the Museum of the Prado in Madrid.

"Old Josefa tells me," he remarked in a lowered voice, as he fastened in his button-hole a spray of heliotrope for which he had sued a moment before, "that you are endowed, as a gardener, with miraculous gifts like San Isidro himself; and she declares that, at your bidding, even the desert would burst into bloom."

Mercedes sighed. "I would that the blessed Saint would grant us a little rain. My poor flowers are in sore need of it, and my grandfather says the tidings of the wheat crop are more distressing every day. Not a drop of rain has fallen since the seed was put into the ground."

Jacinto made no reply. This was not the turn which he desired to give to the conversation. He waited for a discreet interval and began again.

"I wonder that so many of the señoritas of Madrid have laid aside the mantilla for the Paris bonnet. There is no better setting for a beautiful face than those soft folds of semi-transparent drapery."

The young Toledana drew out her needle with a little gesture of impatience.

"My motive in wearing it, caballero, is not coquetry, but economy. This old lace is an heirloom; and in these days when the price of bread is rising every day, and flour may

soon be a luxury which only the rich can afford, I have no money to spend in Paris bonnets."

Don Jacinto sighed, and felt discouraged; while, with a view to proving the purity of her motives, Mercedes calmly removed her mantilla, saying:

"I have just returned from a visit to the Senora Martinez. She has to-day parted with her youngest son, a cadet in the infantry school here, who goes to join his two brothers in Cuba."

"Conscripts?" was Jacinto's unfortunate query.

"No, caballero, not conscripts, but volunteers. Senora Martinez may well be proud, for she has given three willing soldiers to her country. For the honor of Spain, I would that every mother in Castile could say the same."

She paused a moment, and then continued hotly: "Conscripts! ay, caballero, that is our disgrace—that we should need to fill our ranks thus. It is from among the laborers and bread winners that they are chiefly drawn—the ones that can least be spared. The vagabond escapes, and the rich man buys his substitute. Oh! if Spain had now such sons as she has had in the past, this rebellion would have been long since quelled. In what school have our young men been educated, that they can sit content at home when our honor is at stake? Let them come to Toledo, let them stand before the statue of Charles the Fifth in the patio of the Alcazar, and read the two inscriptions that it bears:

"O morire en la demanda, o entrare vencedor en Tunez."

(Either I will die demanding it, or I will enter Tunis victorious.)

"Si en la refriega caigo con la estandarte, levantad a este antes que a mi."

(If in the affray I fall with the standard, raise that first.)

The girl's eye flashed, as she declaimed the words in a voice that thrilled her hearer with a conflict of emotions. "Ah, caballero," she added, "that was once the spirit of Spain!"

Don Jacinto hesitated, then exclaimed impulsively: "Si, senorita, but if his imperial majesty, Charles the Fifth, had spent more time at home in governing his subjects, and less in conducting his foreign campaigns, it would, perhaps, have been better for Spain."

Mercedes flushed with indignation. "That is heresy, he was a great and good king. But apart from that, the present situation is not a parallel one. We are not engaged in foreign conquests, but in the preservation of the last of our colonial possessions in America. We are fighting, caballero, for the jewels of Queen Isabella's crown!"

Jacinto bent forward and regarded her earnestly.

"Dona Mercedes," he said, softly, "in the days of old Castile—for which you entertain such admiration—men fought not for honor alone, but also the favor of fair ladies. Perchance the hope of that last might still arm the degenerate youth of Spain."

As he spoke, he had a brief vision of the liquid fire in the girl's dark eyes; then, with drooping lashes, she replied:

"He need hope for little favor who could value a woman's smiles higher than his country's honor."

There was a long pause. Don Jacinto felt that he had made an unfortunate beginning; and hoping to create a diversion, he drew out

the little dagger that he had purchased at the cutlery.

"Senorita," he began, with an effort to speak lightly, "senorita, will you not look at your cousin's handiwork? This should have some interest for, even if its owner has no claims to your regard."

The girl took the little weapon from his hand and gravely inspected it. Sebastiano's medallion surpassed her expectations, but she determined to reserve her praise of it for him. Turning it over, she read aloud the inscription:

"Toledo, April, 1896." As she poised it delicately in her slim fingers and the light flickered along the blade, a sudden smile curled her lip.

"A pretty toy," she said, meaningly, "but Don Jacinto should be careful lest he hurt himself with it."

The young man's face flushed hotly. "There are deeper wounds, Dona Mercedes, than even a dagger of Toledo can inflict."

"Perhaps," was the quick retort, "but those, which Don Jacinto has in mind, do not kill!"

At this taunt, the youth rose hastily, and for a few minutes paced rapidly up and down the little patio. The scraping of his chair on the tiled floor had been heard in the little upper chamber, and from the shadowy interior Sebastiano's sallow face peered forth anxiously.

At last, with an expression of fixed determination on his countenance, Jacinto returned to his seat beside the girl.

"Dona Mercedes," he began, gravely, "I pray you spare your taunts until you have heard what I came here today to tell you. What it is you must know," he continued in a suppressed voice. "I love you, senorita, with a heart as true as ever beat in the days of old Castile. Tell me that my love is returned, light of my soul, and thou canst find no task so hard but Jacinto will attempt it for thy sweet sake."

Her face crimsoned; she gave him one passionate glance that was a revelation; then, springing to her feet, exclaimed aloud:

"Think you, caballero, I am to be bought with fair words like these? With vague promises that may never be fulfilled? You know full well what I would demand. Mercedes de Cabrera will never give her heart, caballero, save to him who holds honor dearer than love. Alas, that I am a woman! Alas, that I have no brother in whose veins there flows the same proud blood that flows in mine!" The tears rushed to her eyes, and she turned quickly and left the patio by another door.

Don Jacinto, who had likewise risen, gazed after her a moment in silence; then he, too, departed hastily, the heavy green door creaking angrily on its hinges as it shut behind him.

Old Josefa was still dozing at the kitchen window; but in another moment the little hunchback had descended to the empty, sunlit patio.

Only the girl's last speech had reached his ears. He shook his thin little fist at the green door, his sallow face worked convulsively and his breath came in short gasps as he muttered bitter curses.

"So that is what you have come for, you cursed dandy! You have dared to offer insult to a Cabrera—to Mercedes, an angel from heaven! Ah, Dios! my beloved, you have no brother to avenge the insult to your honor, but there is yet the hunchback. Sebastiano's

arm may be weak! Sebastiano's back may be crooked! But that arm is not so weak, nor that back so feeble but that it can defend what he loves best on earth!" As he spoke, his foot struck against something on the tiled pavement—it was the dagger that Mercedes had let fall.

"Dios! it is most fitting!" he exclaimed exultingly, as he held it up. "Ah, I shall know where to find a sheath for this."

Mercedes was in her chamber. It was on the lower floor—a little narrow, white-washed room, with a running border of blue and green tiles set in the plastered wall. There was a window at either end; one overlooked the patio; the other, defended by a grating of wrought iron, opened on the street,—not that to which the green door gave access, but a narrow alley joining it at right angles. This window was still further protected by casements opening inwards, the lower halves of which were now closed, while the upper ones were left open for ventilation.

The furniture of this little apartment was only such as one would expect to find in a convent cell—an iron bedstead, a high chest of drawers, a chair and a small table. On the latter stood a tall brass candlestick containing a lighted taper; above this, on the wall, hung a small crucifix; and a rosary of carved wooden beads was festooned above the bed head.

Kneeling beside the little table was the young girl, her eyes shining in the light of the taper, her soft lips trembling, and her bosom heaving with suppressed emotion.

It was after eleven; and, for an hour past, there had been neither voice nor footfall, on

the street, to break the stillness of the night. Then, on the rough stone pavement of the narrow alley, rung a man's step—a step that paced to and fro before her window. Presently, in a low, flute-like whistle, sounded the "March of Cadiz."

Mercedes rose to her feet, startled, and leaned against the casement, her heart beating wildly under her black gown. The whistle died away, and after a short pause started afresh—this time it was a melody set to one of Zorrilla's love songs. Another pause: then a voice she knew whispered:

"Mercedes!"

At the same moment something was thrown through the upper half of the casement, and fell at her feet. She picked it up and held it close to the candle. It was the fading spray of heliotrope she had given him that afternoon. Again the voice whispered, pleadingly:

"Mercedes!"

The girl extinguished the taper, and partly opening the shutters, looked out into the street. From the low-hung crescent of the moon, shafts of silver light slanted down the narrow alley, and revealed the silhouette of a man's head against the grating of her window.

"What does this mean, Don Jacinto?" asked the girl in a stern whisper. "This is very unseemly."

"Ah, Mercedes, reproach me not," he murmured sadly. "I saw the light of thy taper, and I have come only to bid thee farewell."

"To bid me farewell!" she exclaimed, catching at the casement for support. "Well, was there not time enough tomorrow?"

"Time enough! when the honor of Castile

is at stake? No, senorita, I leave Toledo at daybreak."

"It is too dull for Don Jacinto, doubtless. There are greater diversions in Madrid."

The man flung away in sudden anger; but repented ere she could close the casement.

"So cruel and unbelieving still, Mercedes? Thinkest thou, indeed, that there is but one patriot in Toledo?" She made no reply, and he drew still nearer the window. "By the very next transport I leave for Cuba, senorita. If my father cannot get me a commission—and truly, I am unfit to hold one—I will enlist as a private in the ranks."

"Why are you going, caballero?" It was asked in a breathless whisper, and Mercedes leant forward till her face shone white behind the grating.

"What a question, senorita! Why should I go, save for the honor of Spain?" He lifted his sombrero with a graceful gesture, and the moonlight touched his uncovered brow. "A poor soldier she is getting, it is true. I can fence, of course, as can every caballero of gentle blood; and I am a fair shot with a pistol; but I am as innocent of the manual as a babe in arms; and I have never so much as laid hands on one of these new fashioned rifles." He laughed gaily. "Alas, for the honor of Castile! I would find it easier to celebrate it in an ode of sounding dithyrambies, or to sing of it in redondillas, than to hit a Cuban at long range. But, if it is just to furnish a target for the rebel bullets—truly, I think I am as fair a mark as any raw recruit in Weyler's army!" and he drew up his lithe figure proudly.

There was silence, and a faint sigh was breathed through the grating.

(Continued on page 209)

Directing the G. O. P. Presidential Campaign

Continued from page 193

will tell you he might have been United States Senator from Indiana, but Sanders' loyalty to friends has always overshadowed personal ambition. He has never sought place nor power in his party. Always it has been pressed on him.

Sanders was a poor country boy but not without ambition. Down in the fertile valley of the Wabash, he decided he wanted to be a lawyer and while plowing the fields of his father's farm, he worked out a way he thought would lead him to his chosen profession. When he got money enough he went to the Terre Haute Normal School to learn to be a school teacher. While there he met Ella Neal, a bright happy little blue eyed girl, whose life was destined to be interwoven with his. They married while students. They both taught school. They then went to college together at Indiana University. Ella Sanders' keen intellect and striking personality went far toward helping her husband on his way up, but just as he achieved his life's ambition he was left alone. She died in Paris less than a year ago.

While a student, Sanders got him a job in a Terra Haute shoe store to help out his financial situation. Though of strong physique, he did not play football because he had to work in the shoe store Saturdays.

He graduated in law at Indiana University and hung out his shingle in Terre

Haute. Practicing law, he soon had a large acquaintanceship and when the time came to choose a young man to undertake the almost impossible task of defeating a strongly entrenched Democratic Congressman they chose Sanders and he did the job.

Sanders is not showy. He has always preferred to turn the spotlight on the other fellow. He has few tricks of the showman. He doesn't know the meaning of ballyhoo. He has probably had less personal publicity than any other man who has held positions similar to those he has filled. He has never craved notoriety.

There is equally as little show in his method of work. There is no feverish excitement—apparently, no high pressure. Yet he gets things done in a quiet, smooth, methodical way. He is quite accessible, soft-spoken and distinctly courteous. There is none of the display of leadership so common when one is placed in a position of power. If there is a push-button in his office, it is only one to call his secretary. I have known him to telephone a man and ask if he might see him when he knew very well that man had traveled a great many miles to come to ask a favor of him.

Everett Sanders has perhaps as wide and as intimate a personal acquaintance-

ship among influential Republicans, both in official and private life as any other man in the country. He is uniformly respected and liked. Perhaps it is this possession and quality which made him the unanimous choice of the National Committee and the President of the United States.

Sanders does not go off half cocked. A lot of things that would rile other men seem to glance off of him without making an impression. This does not mean that he is not alert but that he does not believe in getting stirred up by small things. In his conduct of the campaign, one thing can be put down now, that is, that he will not indulge nor permit others under him to indulge in personalities and vindictive attacks and anything else that is undignified. President Hoover has announced a hands-off policy in the campaign; save the making of a few speeches at key points. All the responsibility is in Sanders' hands. Under him, there probably will be a livening up of Republican contacts. He will invite cooperation and unanimity of effort.

All this does not mean that Sanders is so placid and good-natured that he will not fight. Like most men of quiet mien, and apparent good nature, he is terrifying when righteously indignant. Then something's got to happen and usually it happens to the other fellow.

In the Good Old Convention Times

A glimpse of one of the leading Party Conventions nominating a President and setting in motion the quadrennial balloting machinery that chooses the Chief Executive of the U. S. A.

NOW comes the Pilgrim of the Air even from Chicago town—an incorrigible optimist. After the run of conventionitis, I see a rift in the clouds, because the suspense concerning the issues of the pending campaign and the periodic emotions that come in electing a president may soon find a settled outlet for expression. You will soon be released to talk politics to your heart's content without hope that any argument will ever convince those who don't agree—but we must have our politics.

Let me give you a picture of the convention that may not have come over the radio—a sidelight of those corners of the Stadium that may have escaped the observation of the radio trumpeteers—A little aftermath concerning an event that opened the great drama of the political contest in 1932.

Armed with a badge as assistant sergeant-at-arms, I did not anticipate rough service. On the floor, I mingled among the delegations from the various states who were handshaking and getting acquainted, just as people gather and talk before and after church. The big organ was booming and the various battalions of brass bands seemed but a distant echo in comparison. One of the big essentials of a modern convention is noise. Under the guerdons indicating the various states, the groups were lining up their own votes to be ready to respond when the rollcall proceeded.

At every turn a cool drink of ice water was available so that there were no parched palates while the drys and wets battled. Few oldtime Republican leaders were present—Congress was in session and there are times when we all have to stick close to the job—if there is a job. Without picturesque and colorful personalities, the newspaper men tried to create new heroes for the occasion.

One center of interest was the press gallery. Sitting in the shadow of Will Rogers, badgeless and gumless, I passed him programs, cards, papers, hats, and fans sent up for his autograph. His comments were a show in itself, as he shook hands with his left and pushed his pencil with his sturdy right. When he arose to greet the throng of admirers, it revealed a liberal supply of gum which had been planted on his chair. This may have explained why he was not chewing that day. He insisted that he was going to hiss the Oklahoma delegation, as they passed in the round-the-hall demonstration, but state pride was too strong, and he gave 'em a cowboy yell.

William Allen White in spotless white from the clothing emporium in Emporia, Kansas, was evolving philosophy with a lead

pencil on the back of an envelope. A new hat, lying on the aisle desk beside him, received a live cigarette. While William was burning holes in the paper with his pencil, the cigarette was burning a hole through the hat. Back of me sat Ruth Hanna McCormick Simms, the proprietor and publisher of newspapers, and erstwhile candidate for the Senate. Her comments dashed off on Western Union blanks were flashed back in print to her readers within the hour.

Frederick William Wile deserted his seat in the press gallery and sat on a corner of the platform with earphones to help out the broadcasters.

The battery of microphones and the broadcasting rooms were nerve centers that provide the radio audience a better idea of what was actually going on than was known to the twenty thousand sitting in the convention hall at that time.

This convention seemed to be self-conscious that it was being observed. In the effort to make an occasion more dramatic, it may appear even less dramatic.

With arms filled with newspapers, marching down the narrow aisle of the press section came Mr. Arthur Brisbane, looking for a vacant desk to dash off a paragraph for his "Today" column. He beamed kindly on the young reporters who insisted they were filing better stuff than the "trained sea" writers, but Brisbane had the spot light. His conversation was chiefly concerned about where he was going to get some lunch. Big Heywood Brcun "it seems to me" was in the offing with the cynical smile of a Socialist. Eleanor Patterson, the Washington woman editor, was busy with a fountain pen, Walter Lippmann had a fat blue pencil working, others speeding up on typewriters. The Boston newspaper writers were busy dispatching news to home folks, you perhaps read about what was going on before some spectators heard about it the next morning.

The first day was counted a "frost." Crowds are not interested unless there is at least a promise of a scrap.

Adopting the platform was scheduled as the big fight in this arena where prize fights continue the most popular attraction. The Resolutions Committee first met in the Gold Room in the Congress Hotel where Harding and Roosevelt had their headquarters in years past. Throngs milled by the corridors to hear the free-for-all discussions unleashed. Jane Addams was serene and impressive in her plea for peace; William Green of the American Federation of Labor earnestly argued for his planks. President Downs of the Illi-

nois Central appeared for the railroads. The deeper waterways project appealed for appropriations, followed by Congressman Tilson asking reduction of taxes. A Democratic editor from New Orleans in person was given a welcome. Every plank in the platform seemed to have speakers ready. Many things talked about proved only splinters. A negro delegate had a plank for preventing drought, presenting it plausibly, but wound up saying, "You'll have to first pay for the secret." Enthusiasts of all sorts were given a chance to blow off. Miss Janet Rankin from Montana, the first woman in Congress, appeared for a women's plank, which recalled the fact that she fainted on the night that she voted against a declaration of war on the fateful April 7, 1917. The long discussions necessitated an all-night session of the Committee on Resolutions to build a platform.

The real fireworks occurred in the discussion on the platform. You heard over the radio the reception which Chairman James R. Garfield, son of President Garfield, nominated for president in Chicago fifty-two years ago, received from the rather moist galleries. The only propagandic banners on the floor were the red Repeal banners. It was decided to let the Repeal enthusiasts blow off steam, but the sea of delegates on the floor were determined not to be stampeded by the "guests" in the galleries. It was in a way an echo of the Democratic Madison Square convention in New York when "booing" was introduced as a phase of political conventions.

Rumors and counter rumors moved quick and fast. One was a plot to stampede the convention. It was reported that Borah was coming on to nominate Coolidge. The only opposing candidate to President Hoover receiving 4 votes, made his way to the platform to speak, without credentials, but announced after he was ejected that he wanted to nominate Calvin Coolidge.

The fight on the vice-presidency made it seem perilous for Mr. Curtis until General Dawes emphatically withdrew, which left the opposition little time to organize. Favorite sons were included in the vice presidential list this time. With tractable George Booth as chairman and Senator Butler in the Resolution committee the Massachusetts delegation made a fine show. New England garnered a good vote for Alvin T. Fuller, while the thirteen votes for Blaine of Wisconsin were almost forgotten. For the first time in five conventions the LaFollette influence failed

Continued on page 199

In the Brown and Tan of Vacation Days

Holidays that have now become Memories are reaping a rich harvest of Re-creative Effort to meet the perplexing Problems of the Times

IN the brown and tan of vacation days when everyone has been re-creating and worshipping in the great outdoors, under the smiling sun, I cannot resist telling you of my workaday pilgrimage in autumn days.

In vacation days we find that folks are just folks—As Dr. Mayo grimly told me, "Everyone looks pretty much alike in pajamas."

Responding to the call of the Rotary Clubs of Haverhill, Amesbury, Newburyport and Ipswich, I was privileged to pay my tribute to a favorite poet, John Greenleaf Whittier. Journeying to Whittierland, in the glow of a full-orbed autumn day, there came to me the lines recited in school remembered all through the years as my sainted mother repeated it as fitting to this beautiful day and all days through the ages.

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise;
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

It seemed like a heart's evening hymn as over and over these immortal lines kept ringing in my mind like an endless refrain.

Riley, the Hocsier poet, once told me that Whittier had been more of an inspiration to him than any other poet.

Stopping at the Whittier birthplace near Haverhill, I looked upon the landscape familiar to the Quaker lad in the seventeen years of youth. Details of environment are reflected in his verse.

The sturdy descendant of Thomas Whittier who appropriately arrived in Boston in the good ship "Confidence" settling at Salisbury, played a vital part in the Emancipation Proclamation drama that made the ages understand Abraham Lincoln.

The grandmother of Whittier for whom he was named was Sarah Greenleaf. She was of French Huguenot descent and in her veins flowed the fiery blood of a crusader.

Yes I wandered idly up the very path he took as a lad to milk the cows, and to work in these very fields, until a physical breakdown gave to the world a great poet. His tomb atop the Amesbury hill has become

an American shrine.

His first poem was published in the Newburyport *Free Press* of which William Lloyd Garrison was then editor. Out of this incident and ripening friendship came the preparation for Whittier's lifelong devotion to the cause that led to the abolition of slavery.

From the busy pen of this quiet, gentle mannered man the world inherited an incomparable collection of stirring poems that reflect the struggles of his life and the ideals of all time.

In his old home at Oak Knoll, Danvers, I put on the little old straw hat that he wore in later years and sat at the desk where he had written one of his later masterpieces, which as a lad I heard my mother read. It was the Ode written for the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia.

In the gentle twilight that gathered as the crowd assembled on the green hills at Amesbury, overlooking the shore line of the rock-bound coast of New England, a flashing beacon from the lighthouse at the mouth of the Merrimac somehow suggested that the soul of the poet was speaking to us that night.

Whittier received inspiration as a lad from a volume of Robert Burns loaned him by Joshua Coffin, his old schoolmaster, whose memory is perpetuated in one of his poems, that will be read in American schoolhouse for coming generations, written by a New England poet still living on in the American Hall of Fame.

In the charming area of Amherst lives Ray Stannard Baker, who for years wrote under the non-de-plume of "David Grayson." In his home on the hilltop, reminding him of his birthplace among the log drivers at St. Croix, Wisconsin, surrounded by a garden, beehives and fields, he is still wielding a busy and trenchant pen.

In reply to the queries about "David Grayson," he said:

"I wrote because I had to; because it relieved and satisfied something in me. I have written more than one book and many an article that was pure toil, but every word of the 'Grayson' books was written from a sheer sense of release and joy that the writing gave me."

"Happiness," he continued, "is a rebound from hard work. One of the follies of man is to assume that he can enjoy mere thought, or emotion, or sentiment.

"As well try to eat beauty. Happiness must be tricked. She loves to see men work. She loves sweat, weariness, self-sacrifice. She will not be found in the palaces, but

lurking in cornfields and factories and hovering over littered desks. She crowns the unconscious head of the busy child.

Wellesley is a word that means much to American women and education. It is not an old school surrounded with tradition, but seems to have been born at a time when the women of America were coming into their own. Every president of Wellesley has been eminent and Ellen Fitz Pendleton, president of the Wellesley of today, is a prominent leader in the educational world.

A few decades past, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Fowle Durant, were living on their country estate amid the beautiful Wellesley Hills, in the shadow of a great sorrow,—their beloved son was taken—a lad of unusual beauty and promise—in his ninth year. As a memorial the bereaved parents presented this enchanting estate of picturesque upland and meadow to found a school for women. The new institution was born with striking completeness and was dedicated to God and Christianity.

When Ellen Fitz Pendleton became president she rallied her associates to the herculean task and among them was my good friend, Katharine Lee Bates, author of "America, the Beautiful."

Tall and stately, with gray hair, and striking firm but kind features, Miss Pendleton bears the distinction of leadership. A native of Westerly, Rhode Island, she was graduated from Wellesley in 1891, and later studied at Newnham College, Cambridge, England. She served for nine years as Dean at Wellesley before becoming president.

Her comment on the educated woman was most heartening:

"I believe that any home is happier with a mother who is able to teach her children. Even the contact of education is helpful. It is association and ideals in these formative years of a girl's life that count. Other circumstances may disturb the life current, but a woman's devotion may be just as intense in ideals and education, as in matters of the heart and home life."

You will soon hear him again on the radio. I found Deems Taylor in his vacation retreat in Connecticut, preparing for his radio work this fall, and finishing a new grand opera.

Contributions to F. P. A.'s "Conning Tower" were Deems Taylor's first plunge into the magic of the printed word. F. P. A. proved Deems' fairy godfather and secured for him a position on the New York *Tribune*.

When the war broke out, young Deems Taylor attempted to make his way across, first as a member of the A. E. F. and then as a war correspondent, but neither Uncle Sam nor the *Tribune* was willing to accept his services. Finally he went across on his own and succeeded in selling stories to the papers back home.

About this time the lure of Chopin and Wagner became too much for him—he left newspaper work to compose music. Spending a summer studying harmony and counterpoint, Mr. Taylor finally entered a musical prize contest in which his "Siren Song," which has since been played by the Philharmonic Orchestra, New York, took the first honors, and definitely established young Taylor as a composer.

"It seems as if I have tried my hand at everything in the way of newspaper and magazine writing—and I never realized until later years what a power and opportunity there is to be able to express one's feeling in a mechanically exact musical score."

This impulse resulted in his composing "The King's Henchman" one of the most successful of American grand operas.

* * *

The first time I saw Edna Ferber I felt that she would some day win distinction.—She had it! A young miss, scarcely out of her teens, she had devoted herself to writing, much as other girls of her age devote themselves to parties, dances, and the giddy whirl of youthful life. An earnest and enthusiastic worker, she years ago confided to me that she dreamed of the day

when the *Saturday Evening Post* would accept one of her stories. That day has long since passed, and now instead of asking herself, "Where can I sell this?" she is continually wondering how she can keep up with the demand of publishers, theatrical producers and movie magnates.

A delightful personality, who is as much at home in a sewing circle as in the meetings of the Authors League, Miss Ferber admits that she was born in Kalamazoo, Michigan, where celery had an American birthright. The date of the event is given as August 15, 1887 which was duly celebrated. Listeners with a mathematical mind can amuse themselves calculating her age.

Educated in the public schools of Appleton, Wisconsin, in the same town in which Houdini was born, she determined to make newspaper work the stepping stone to a career in writing fiction. Casting about for the first step in the ladder of literary success, she decided that the little Appleton *Daily Crescent* was not under the Turkish flag, and at the age of seventeen, cast aside the veil of giddy youth and made a place for herself on the staff of a country daily newspaper. Covering the railroad station, finding out who was going away or coming in, wasn't a very pretentious assignment, but it gave her opportunity to observe little things that later appeared in "So Big."

In the early years when she set out to capture the staff of the *Milwaukee Journal*, they were skeptic as to her ability to hold down a "real" job on the paper.

An inherited nose-for-the odd and the new and ability to see the story in every assignment, soon made her an invaluable

member of the staff.

Newspaper work did not stifle her enthusiasm for writing fiction, for she had a liberal reserve of short stories written long before she had a publisher.

Eventually her inning came: one magazine after another "discovered" the talented young miss from Milwaukee. Before long she had a book "Dawn O'Hara" to her credit, and since that time she has produced an average of one book a year, exclusive of her magazine stories.

The success of her later books, all best sellers, including "The Showboat," and "Cimmarron" has kept fiction readers, patrons of the stage and screen fans busy keeping up with Edna Ferber and her work.

In the closing days of perhaps the most perplexing longest enforced vacation period that this country has ever known, there comes to me the conviction that busy times are coming. The world has been compelled to relax in the tensify of its high-pressure chase after the divinities of the dollar. The objective of life has already swung to work and activity as the boon and blessing most desired rather than mere wealth in accumulations of lands, stocks and bonds. The leisure hours have meant as much, although enforced, as if paid for in good dollars of vacation savings for a merry holiday doing nothing. It has brought the world as never before to a new evaluation of the imperishable ideals of Robert Burns, teaching us the value of a bigger and broader acquaintance with each other, as a light leading us kindly on toward a practical appreciation of the cup o' kindness and a deeper realization of the real kith and kinship of humankind.

In the Good Old Convention Times

Continued from page 197

to dominate and isolate the Wisconsin delegation at the Republican National Convention.

Two speakers that impressed me at the convention were Secretary of the Treasury Ogden Mills in his plea for the platform, and the speech of a negro, Roscoe Conkling Simons of Chicago, seconding the nomination of Herbert Hoover.

The organist perched aloft, boomed the organ that came in blasts rather than tones, and broke in with popular songs, including "I'm working on the railroad" and various state songs.

The California state song dominated as the delegation led the demonstration after the nomination of President Hoover, while colored balloons from overhead showered over every part of the great audience giving the scene a Fourth of July exuberance.

Altogether national conventions have grown so unwieldy that it may result in some other attendance regulations in nominating presidential candidates in the future. While there is a necessity of keeping alive the personal contact of people in naming the candidates for the only offices for which they all vote—the president and vice-president—the impracticability of carrying on the oldtime methods

are already apparent. Radio has brought about a revolution in convention procedures. The situation more than ever justifies the idea of representative government which the forefathers conveyed in order to avoid the wrecks that have followed every attempt at a democracy where the "mob-ocracy" spirit is not under control and direction.

In the retrospect of ten national party conventions of both parties, I see the procession of eminent men who have come and gone on the stage of political activities. I have seen careers bud in one convention and blossom in another. Every time I attend I feel that someone present may be a future president of the United States, for the quadrennial presidential campaign is after all the one great activity in which all the people feel that they have a direct participatory power.

In these gatherings I have heard William Jennings Bryan, and the golden tones of William McKinley, and have seen Teddy Roosevelt in action, heard the masterly diction of Elihu Root and Charles Evans Hughes, the rousing cadence of Burke Cochran's silver tones, and the resonant cheery ring of Governor Al Smith's voice, the polished periods of Franklin

Roosevelt, and the swinging incisive phrases of Senator W. E. Borah. The impassioned eloquence of Governor Glynn in renominating Woodrow Wilson, and the reverberated peroration, "He Kept us out of War," are recalled. It may be that distance lends enchantment, but it does seem as if the oldtime oratory has lost some of its power for stirring thoughts and emotion.

The two big political conventions evidenced a faith in the Republic that no election upheaval can ever uproot. When I heard the strains of "Onward, Christian Soldier" bringing memories of the days of other conventions and heard the people singing this matchless hymn of hope, it brought tears to my eyes.

The same songs and the same fundamental spirit after all dominate all these national political gatherings of Americans amid scenes of waving flags and stirring music and speeches in the bonds of a common citizenship. The spectre of petty political ambitions fades beside that unity of comradeship and imperishable fraternity of Americanism, that will endure as long as the memory of a defeat at Bunker Hill is glorified as a victory, and the Stars and Stripes represent a free and liberty loving people.

Trend of the Woman Presidential Vote

One of the Millions of Women Voters surveys the Presidential Election from the Angle of Feminine Logic and explains why she feels that the trend favors Hoover as the Best Man for President

By RITA COLLYER

TEN million women in this country earn their own money. Over twenty-five million spend as housewives and home keepers earnings of others. For generations women have had to be experts of home economics. They have known how to buy. They didn't all understand a politician but they all do understand an expert of economy.

Women appreciate better than men high tariff. They realize duties on imports protects home production. They don't want the country flooded with cheap goods—cheap to buy, dear in price when service is short. Men think in bank books, stocks, bonds—women service of goods she must buy.

President Hoover went into the White House on a Prosperity Platform—and the howl is going up and has for some time from both parties—where now is that High Standard of Living—where is our Prosperity? Fewer women ask that, for they are taking time to think and they would say with me—Is the President of the United States responsible for a world wide condition? The condition was best illustrated, by a certain cartoon that came to me from Australia—A plump clownish fat man of inflated rubber about to sit down on a tack, in a very plain chair.

Every woman knows this world wide condition has been brought about by false values placed on things and most women expected it and spell the black word, with the cancelled spelling which makes it—press on. The average woman may not know Browning's Epilogue, but she knows the truth of "fall to rise"—from watching her baby—"baffled to fight better" from the experiences of her husband and who does not know, that—"we even sleep to wake."

Men are complaining of conditions in business more than women, they have been spoiled a bit—and where they smiled at mother's ideas, they now appreciate the truly commonplace strength of her stock soup pot and realize that from such things we learn—

"That nothing useless is or low
And that which seems like idle show
Each thing in its place is best
Strengthens and supports the rest."

Anon.

Most of the women of this country do not understand the phases of the law or some of the government perplexities just now but they do understand the personality of their President. And how most mothers who have suffered at the unjust taunts of her family can sympathize with

the Chief Executive of these United States. It would almost seem that in some quarters it has been forgotten that this country has, and has had, since 1798 a Sedition Act and that some of the comments one hears come under "seditious libel." But the President like all good mothers keeps right on with the days work, forgiving, smiling, blessing, doing that glorious old-fashioned word—plain DUTY.

We have had less illness and fewer deaths in the past year than for many years—Plain Living and High Thinking are becoming quite the style again. Prosperity means to thrive—succeed, to live better—any dictionary will so define it. And so we have prosperity.

Women in this country know that so far as lies within his power, President Hoover has kept every platform pledge. And if there is one issue that seems slow in coming into line the fault lies not with the Chief Executive of these United States.

Read the list of President Hoover's suggestions that have become law. More than twenty to date.—From Reappointment of representation in the House according to population—through all Re-organization acts—co-ordination of departments through the list of appropriations for important construction projects to emergency funds—to be handled so that American citizens may keep their self respect and not become objects of abject pity by a dole system. Any one of these measures in ordinary times would be considered monumental tribute to economic genius.

The list of suggestions made by President Hoover which have not become law is one of even greater achievements and could the women of this country have their way—they would all be laws.

Nothing is so close to women's hearts as Welfare in governmental measures. The great plan of a year's holiday in settling international debts—requires no expert knowledge—women approve of it.

Women have never liked the methods of International Diplomacy. Interchanging of polite notes, veiled in mystery. Women like to be hostess—and so they say—"is it not nicer to sit at table and talk over our difficulties as we break bread in a friendly spirit" and so the entertaining of the Government Heads of other nations the past year has been most warmly applauded by our women.

President Hoover has been determined that nothing shall be misrepresented to the people. They shall have the truth

about him and the problems facing this country. He represents the people of this land and in calling for experts on his commissions he has been nonpartisan. Women know when he makes a statement it's a fact not a wise crack or a generality.

Perhaps the Child Welfare work and the intense interest in it and all Hoover problems to which President Hoover has given so much time and thought have endeared him and helped him most to keep the solid support of the women of this country.

At the Child Welfare Conference held in Washington on Nov. 28, 1930 at which he said:

"If we could have but one generation properly born, trained, and educated, of healthy children—a thousand other problems would vanish. We would assure ourselves of healthier minds in more vigorous bodies to direct the energies of our nation to greater heights of achievements—moreover one good community nurse will save a dozen future policemen—"and "Let no one believe these are questions which shall not stir a nation; that they are below the dignity of statesmen and governments."

Women may like Tom, Dick and Harry and all their glittering vanity when its "on with the dance" but they turn to the Jack, Bill and Fred's when they cry—"on with the bacon."

The man who everlastingly keeps to his job for her sake.—How many women have said: "Well my husband is not the handsomest man in the world, but he never fails me." Homely words but clothed with the dignity of Honor, Truth, Duty and Success. That type of man, makes a real home.

A foolish charge was made during President Hoover's campaign that he was Pro-British—that he owned a home in London and voted there. It was quite true that he owned a house there and by mistake his name was on a voter's list.

But Herbert Hoover was a loyal American, where ever business called Herbert Hoover his wife went with him and he established a real home. Every woman, aye every home loving man too, knows the value of this putting one's feet under one's own table—to eat one's own bread—a center—a peaceful haven of security on life's uncertain sea—and restful refreshment to give needed strength to carry on the next day's work.

Is there a Daddy or Mother in all our land that does not appreciate one of the finest tributes to childhood to be found

Continued on page 205

Affairs and Folks

A few pages of gossip about people who are doing worth-while things in the world, and some brief comment, pictorial and otherwise, regarding places and events

TRUE to traditions that hark back to the very beginning of musical culture in America, Thompson Stone, conductor of the Handel and Haydn Society, has won new laurels for this historic musical organization. The eight hundred and fifty-fourth concert will stand out in the archives as recording musical progress. The April concert of 1932 celebrated the one hundred and seventeenth season and was an outstanding event in chorale and orchestral production in Boston. Symphony Hall was the setting for this memorial occasion. The large stage was filled to overflowing with the singers of the Handel and Haydn Society and the People's Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Stone is conductor of these two successful musical societies.

From the first tones of Bach's "Lesst uns allegen die werke der Finsternis" to the climatic chorale and finale of Wagner's "Die Meistersinger," a veritable musical feast was enjoyed by the enthusiastic music lovers assembled in a hall dedicated to the art divine. The first number, together with Szymanowski's "Stabat Mater" and Kaminski's "Magnificat" were presented for the first time in Boston, and it was somewhat of a first night all around, for one-third of the program was "something new in Boston."

The verve and attack of singers and musicians held to an interpretation that seemed to reach into the very heart of the composers. Each phrase of music indicated thorough rehearsal, and what is more important, an understanding of the reading of Thompson Stone. Few conductors are more successful in inspiring a chorus with that natural elasticity of voice, quality and expression that gratify the hearer as well as the singers and players who put their hearts and feeling into their art, and yet maintain that reserve that stimulates the thrill that comes with recurring anticipation.

The soloists, Jeanne Dusseau, soprano, Merle Alcock, contralto, Paul Althouse, tenor, Frederick Baer, baritone, and John Moncrieff, bass, all seemed admirably fitted to their assignments, responding with capabilities in voice and rendition that aroused the most spontaneous applause.

The audience was especially absorbed and attentive, even for a Boston gathering; for there seemed to be something reflecting in their generous appreciation of the joy of being domiciled in Boston and being privileged to enjoy such music.

The reverential "Bless the Lord, O my Soul" by Ippolitov-Ivanov, struck a responsive chord. It was followed by Schuetky's

"Send Forth Thy Spirit" that resounded the note of triumph in living. Mr. Paul Althouse's aria from Lohengrin was given with the same dramatic effect with which he has rendered the aria oftentimes in costume and with scenic setting in the Chicago Civic Opera. Jeanne Dusseau enabled the audience to catch the lofty fascination of "Elsa's Dream" from Lohengrin. In all my experience, I have never known a better balanced concert program, cohesive and coordinated, to make the passing hours so impressively satisfying to my musical language. There were no "fuss and feathers"—it was music to the marrow. Such an afternoon made me feel that such concerts are fitting rehearsals for the music we may dream about as being associated with heavenly visions.

For some years past the work of Thompson Stone as a conductor indicates that he has truly won his laurels as one of the most efficient conductors of chorale and orchestral organizations. Although born in Boston, he has a widespread experience in the West and other parts of the country in bringing the best work from musical groups. It is indeed fortunate for Boston that he is now concentrating his efforts in this lively center of musical activities. For many years he has had charge of the New Bedford Society. In the People's Symphony concerts he had revealed a high standard of modern methods that are adapted to stimulating an increasing interest in the highest standard of music, and concerts

brought within the range of popular prices and the understanding of the great mass of music lovers.

The compositions of the old masters still exert a powerful influence, but the work of modern composers is not overlooked in the respectful consideration of the past. In other words, Thompson Stone musically is keeping pace with the ever-alluring present in matters musical.

It was in the beginning of September when our sightseeing tour along the river brought us to Aarau. Thun and Berne, both jewels of medieval architecture and Old-World charm, had already cast their spell over us, and we consequently arrived in the capital of Argovie filled with only a negligible degree of anticipation. Great was, therefore our astonishment when here too another picture-town unfolded itself before us, forming a tableau of irresistible appeal.

While modern public buildings and stately institutions of learning vouchsafed for the progressive spirit of the place, which is also a military and manufacturing centre, the ancient still holds sway in the quarter adjoining the sturdy Obertor and the late-Gothic 13th century parish church, as well as around the little castle perched on a cliff above the river.

Aarau was the home of Henrich Zschokke, one of Switzerland's most distinguished authors, and it did not take us long to discover that an atmosphere of romance and poetry still lingers within its walls. The town's annual celebration of the so-called "Bachfischet" (fishing in the brook) just happened to take place during our sojourn, and we were fortunate enough to participate in this time-honored custom.

The Stadtbach dates back to the foundation of Aarau by the counts of Kiburg. Its waters are furnished by a collection of springs rising beyond the Gönhard hill near the neighboring village of Suhr. By means of a canal the brook was then diverted to Aarau and for many centuries, i.e. until water connections were laid into all dwellings, it remained uncovered.

The brook was the main artery of local town life, and when the authorities decided upon a thorough cleaning of its bed once a year, all available receptacles had first to be filled to cover daily and emergency needs. Its speedy return became necessarily a matter of general rejoicing.

During the cleaning period the Stadtbach was led into another course near Suhr. As soon as the water in the regular brook-bed was low enough, it became and still is



Thompson Stone
Conductor of the Handel and Haydn
Society of Boston

"Goin' Avisitin' Across Country" by Airplane

Impressions of a flying editor seeing the sights and visiting the folks en route in an airplane and then "Back to the Hills of Home"

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

AGAIN in the hills of home, for you know Boston was first called Trimountain. It seems like coming home to spend a vacation. For two weeks I have been away from this particular microphone. Looking into the diaphragm I can fancy a television of you listening friends, quizzing me telepathically to give an account of myself for the two weeks I have played "Hookey."

Well, in this cheery "around the fire" chat hour let's begin the story of a swift-flying fortnight. After visiting folks in twelve cities and towns, I have returned an irrefragable optimist with the incoming tide of more work and business—and I shall be prepared to tell you who will be elected President—after November eighth.

En route to Chataqua, New York, the mecca of speakers, (loud or soft) I rambled among the berry patches near Westfield, where Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, the eminent radio preacher, picked two pails of raspberries in a boyhood tantrum when his mother had sternly ordered him to pick a pail of berries on his birthday. No wonder he became a preacher, for that was truly turning anger into an angelic act.

In the realm of Chataqua, I heard the echoes of much oratory and discussion on the varied subjects that dominate in open air gatherings, with a reflection of the exaltation of the old time camp meeting spirit. Dr. Bestor was at his best in waving the magic wand that gave the starting signal for the usual inspiring series of vocal and musical marathons that have made Chataqua heard round the world in every language, for tongues must wag in that gay old globe.

Tell it not in Gath, I addressed a Spiritualist assembly amid the roses that bloom at Lily Dale. While I am not a Spiritualist, I cannot resist paying earnest tribute to that large audience of happy souls who listened to a recital of mundane experiences as if it were a message from beyond. Folks are just folks, and these good people in their belief of the continuity of life have something that seems to me worthwhile. If they believe that they can have communication with loved ones "loved long since and lost awhile," affording consolation in many grief-stricken hours, why deny them the tranquility of the thought.

The charm of the environment and the friendliness of meetings in God's outdoors, close to Nature, was a human inspiration, with the Benediction of Mother Nature, as we long to lay our heads in her lap and

let her tell us stories.

All thought is spirit and we know there is something in and about and of all of us that cannot be measured or defined in a physical sense.

The last two letters of the word spell the IT that counts in the development of personality—that something that can't be determined as we take the height, weight and measurements of component parts of our physical bodies.

In the soothing shades of the big house at Lake Placid I basked in the memory of the genial smiles of Victor Herbert. The landscape has not changed much in the years. Looking into the mirrored water surrounding his old home, I could hear his cheery laughter that enchanted guests. Later came the refrain of his music over many radio programs. Little did I think when he handed me here his favorite bit of verse that soon the songs he was then writing would be heard over the air day by day and almost hour by hour. His favorite verse, "The Babe" was written by his uncle, Samuel Lover, the Irish poet. It begins:

"A baby was sleeping

Its mother was weeping"

and ends with the refrain:

"For I know that the angels

Are whispering with thee."

Here I was again under the hospitable Roycroft roof where I first met Elbert Hubbard. In those early days visitors were not permitted to eat meat, drink coffee or tea. To smoke within that chapel-like haunt and sanctuary of the Fra, encouraged Ali Baba, the bouncer, to act.

Now his son, Elbert II, who was entertaining Kiwanians that day at one dollar a plate, met me in the royal Roycroft Inn. Without ceremony of giving names, I was presented as the original "Heart Throbber," and like faithful Bozo "made to speak for my dinner."

Outside, the heroic-sized statue of the Fra recalled the gentle smile and piercing black eyes as he welcomed me in days of yore, "Well, old Heart Sobs. How're mother, home, heaven and the Stars and Stripes today!"

Over the new Peace Bridge at Buffalo I made my first approach to Niagara from the Canadian side. The sun was sinking low in a gorgeous oriflame of gold. Mists from the rapids gave a silver tinge to the deepening purples in that direction. Dashing through the spray, the wiper on the windshield worked fast to clear the vision in the showers of Niagara that sought to baptize us as "thoroughly dampened" for

a tour through wet Canada.

Looming up as if a monument to the majesty of the Falls is that lone skyscraper at Niagara, which Frank Dudley, a native son, president of the United Hotels Company, built headquarters in honor of his birthplace. The entrancing prismatic illumination of falling waters still entralls the thousands as it has since the days when the Red Man lay on the steep banks and worshipped the Roaring Waters.

During the Pan-American Exposition I had a booth seeking subscriptions for my National Magazine, then newly launched. Some of those good people who then met the editor face to face are still on the list and were present at the welcoming Gathering. After assembly greetings, the Rip Van Winkle editor returning after 20 years was called to broadcast at WBEN, which I christened: "W" for "Wholesome," "B" for "Beauty," "E" for "Ever" and "N" for "New," radiating from WBEN, just as the studio bells recalled Big Ben rang out, and the orchestra played the Peace Anthem, following the interlude of Rubenstein's "Spring Song."

Memories of three presidents are associated with Buffalo, with its avenues of bell-topped elms. Millard Fillmore, who elected vice-president, through the turn of fortune succeeded Zachary Taylor as President of the United States. Later came Grover Cleveland, the only county cheriff ever elected to the presidency. He spent many happy hours in his fishing haunts at Black Rock nearby an dloved to sit and chat in the shade of the old elms near the streets.

Buffalo always brings to mind that tragic day in the Temple of Music when I saw the beloved form of McKinley droop under the assassin's bullets as he extended the hand of friendship. The words uttered by McKinley as the crowd rushed to destroy the assassin, "Don't let them hurt him," and his last words, "God's Will not ours be done," came like a benediction to memories of Buffalo.

At Albion, New York, I visited the birthplace of my dear friend, the late William Hodge, the actor. The "Man from Home" here at the hotel recalled the earnest red-headed lad who started his stage career by giving a show in a barn, charging ten pins for admission.

On the charming shores of Ontario is Sodus Bay, pronounced by the late George Eastman as the most beautiful of all Earth's scenic charms. Here I wandered about in one orchard covering ten square miles, with

C ntinued on page 176

Labor's Place in the Sun

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

Text of Address delivered by Joe Mitchell Chapple, "Pilgrim of the Air," September 4, 1932, over WJZ, New York and Hookup of the Blue Chain of the National Broadcasting Company, 711 Fifth Avenue, New York

IN this after-church visiting chat, the glow of Labor Day is upon us. Tomorrow the world turns from refreshment to labor. Recreation days have been a time of re-creation.

Labor Day is a patriotic holiday. Many out of employment appreciate as never before the joy of work. The mind of the world is centered upon the thought of labor—labor that will bring security and content. The angel of hope that appears tomorrow is labor taking her place in the sun.

Let's start the Labor Day talk with a handclasp! What more appropriate manner in which to celebrate the new meaning of labor in the eventful September of 1932. The world today is crying for work. Millions are looking for more labor to herald returning payrolls.

Speaking of handclasps, I was impressed with what mighty things the hands of labor in all human activities have achieved in the handicraft of progress. We cannot receive and we cannot give without the open hand that prepares the warmth of a handclasp.

The tightened fist of might and war must relax; the cry of "hands up" of the gangster and the days of the "handouts" for the unemployed must be eliminated in the picture of tomorrow.

The eclipse witnessed this week lasted only for a few seconds, but it indicated what the gay old world would be without the glorious sun. Millions watched the epochal celestial show through smoked glasses. In that brilliant corona with its heavenly radiance was the eternal proof that mankind has his place in the sun, in touch with the planets in their course, timed to the second through the centuries.

In Holy Writ, reference is often made to the hand of God, indicating that all things must come to humankind through handicraft of some sort.

First, we think of the Master laying his merciful healing hands upon the suffering. Those blessed divine hands, pierced and bleeding, proclaimed the hope of human souls. Then we think of the hand of Abraham Lincoln that signed the Emancipation Proclamation, that knew how to swing the axe and make the forest ring and drove the wedge, that forever consecrates the glory of labor and toil,—“the hand that bore a nation in its hold.” As the poet sang:

*To teach throughout the after time
To every tribe and every clime
That toil for others is sublime.*

The hand of Elder Brewster signed the Compact under the swinging lantern of the Mayflower, out of which our Republic was

born; Washington's hand created our country with sword and pen. The pledge of life, fortunes and sacred honor came from the Signers of the Declaration of Independence. Every enduring relationship has the touch of the hand, including the vow at the marriage altar. Then there are the hands of Mother soothing the fevered brow; and the hands of father who led us through the tangled labyrinths of childhood. Oh, the hallowed memories of the touch of a vanished hand!

Cheeriness of greeting, the benediction of parting, sweet thoughts of “auld lang syne” often cluster around the memory of the magnetic grasp of hands.

Just now as I looked at my own hands, waving them before the microphone in a hearty handclasp, I was struck with the thought that these very hands have touched those of every president since the day when as a tiny boy I sat on the shoulders of my father and was greeted by Ulysses S. Grant, his old commander. (Each president had his own distinctive handclasp, but that's another story.)

Can you television this hand of a modest newspaper man who in his work has been privileged to feel the handclasp of famous folk? Yes, it is the hand that shook the mighty hand of John L. Sullivan; that felt the kindly touch of James Whitcomb Riley's paralysed fingers that had penned those matchless heart poems of Hoosierdom. Long before I met Jane Addams of Hull House I had marvelled at the beauty of those busy hands that had done so much for others and suggested the outstanding feature of Whistler's painting of his mother, now hanging in the Louvre.

What a thrill in meeting the late Robert Todd Lincoln, when I realized that I was pressing the very flesh and blood of Abraham Lincoln and could almost feel the warmth of that Great Heart pulsating for humanity on through the ages.

Again I look at my palms, not to read the lines in my own destiny, but with the realization of the contacts of one humble pair of hands in the course of busy years—the hands that grasped those of the old farmer friend who in the morning saw a break in the clouds and prophesied a good day, and leaning on the old fence predicted fair weather tomorrow as he viewed the ruddy red of the sunset.

All this makes me an irreclaimable optimist today. With labor taking its rightful place in the sun; with the world measuring future wealth by work and the achievements of labor and not by dollars, in lightening the human burdens, I can feel that the eclipse of unemployment is passing. The time is soon coming when every

willing hand will have the joy of work to do, not measured in wages but in that supreme satisfaction of production and the bliss of creation which labors of the day provide, on to the refreshment of sweet sleep at night and the supreme content of something to do tomorrow.

Labor Day brings me memories of the late Samuel Gompers who had made the very cigar he handed me. His tireless devotion to his fellow-craftsmen stands out in shining memory. The work he began is being valiantly carried on by William Green. To have greeted these earnest leaders with a fraternal handclasp, together with that of Secretary James Wilson, the sturdy Scot, who was the first Secretary of Labor, and James J. Davis, and William Doak, his successors, is a heritage that will ever awaken a sympathetic companionship for the workmen they represented in establishing our Labor Day.

This day was born in the travail of struggles, but its importance was quickly recognized. It has become one of our great universal holidays, marking the time between play and work, bringing with it the hope of the early autumn time with a visualized realization of harvest and fruitage. Today as never before Labor Day is a day for real patriotism, for that faith that cannot be shaken by the gloom and gathering storms.

“Labor is as wide as the earth, and has its summit in heaven,” Carlyle proclaimed this years ago in a transition period of labor.

Next to faith in God is faith in labor, and the poet sang:

*Labor is rest from the sorrows that greet us,
Rest from the petty vexations that meet us;
Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us.*

The horizon of Labor Day has widened in this eventful year of 1932. Labor is playing its part in its protest against war in its appeal for a security of employment and livelihood that will drive from the millions of homes the gaunt specter of want and despair. Each phase of human advancement involves the rightful use of labor. If all nations could only inaugurate a handclasp of sincerity and truth, first among themselves, and then with neighbors across the boundary lines, there would be little use for human hands to continue as instruments of bloodshed, hate and carnage.

“Genius may conceive, but patient labor must consummate,” is a saying of a sage. “While God gives every bird his food, he does not throw it into the nest.”

Again turning the pages of remembrance

associated with the touch of hands comes the memory of Julia Ward Howe, the author of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," The hand that I stooped to kiss as that of a queen had penned a vision of Peace.

In one of my days of great sorrow for one "loved long since and lost awhile" the kindly President McKinley placed his hand on mine resting on the table, and said, "I understand."

Oh, what a wonderful future I can see for you boys and girls of today, that comes to me out of a background of my own experiences. This hand that is waving you a greeting touched that of Lindbergh on his return from that epochal flight; grasped the hand of Babe Ruth soon after he had dropped the bat after one of his swift succession of home runs; of Admiral Byrd on his return from the explorations of both the North and South Poles, and even patted the head of "Igloo," the faithful dog.

Captain James Mollison on his arrival in New York gave me the sturdy grasp of a Scot who believes in Robert Burns and his brotherhood of men. Ed Wynn heading his "Laugh Parade" sealed his "fire chief" signal with his characteristic voice break. Pardon me, I have to laugh out loud when I think of the happy greeting I had from Marie Dressler, the jolly soul of picture-dom. Then there was Douglas Fairbanks dropping a battle axe in picture location to give me a regular congressman handshake, while Will Rogers was stringing his chewing gum to punctuate an appreciation of what he saw in the papers.

This is the open season for handshaking with a presidential campaign pending. Last

week with the handclasp of Herbert Hoover, grown more gray and deeper wrinkled, came a cheery smile from the President in the White House.

Why not make tomorrow a time of hearty friendly greetings, even to the passing stranger. Enjoy a personal contact through the eyes, the window of the soul, and the hand that conveys the heart warmth of friendliness.

Not long ago I met Gutzon Borglum, the sculptor, whose sturdy hands fashioned the statue of Lincoln in the rotunda at the Capitol now carving mammoth figures on Mount Rushmore in the Black Hills of Dakota.

In continuing the rollcall of personal greetings, I can recall the quiver of the hand of Einstein that had penned mathematical calculations reaching into the hundreds of trillions, and given to the world a theory which impressed me because of its suggestion of the relativity of the human race as well as of matter.

Memories of the shaking hand of the aged John Ruskin at Brantwood on Coniston Lake near the heather hills of Scotland, come to me. Hands that wander over the ivory keys and stirred the emotions of nations are those of Paderewski who clasped me by both hands in that eventful meeting at Rosseau when the rebirth of Poland as a nation was assured.

The remembrance of that circle of hands when Thomas Edison, John Burroughs, Henry Ford and Harvey Firestone played childhood games around the campfire in the Maryland woods, comes like a benediction.

Marconi on that eventful day during the

war in 1918 gave me a welcome at the American Embassy in Rome, with the prophecy that has come true—"Some day wireless will become as universal as the telephone."

Well, it has been a full hand, so to speak, including kings, queens and aces,—King Alfonso of Spain in his days of power in Espagna, the King of Belgium as a prince traveling incognito, King Fuad of Egypt and Feisal of Irak on my pilgrimage to Bagdad, Queen Mary when Princess May of Teck, taking a cup of tea while shopping in the Strand, Queen Marie of Rumania during her hurried visit to America. With these kings and queens was the ace, Eddie Rickenbacker, at Columbia Bey during the war, as I wished him a happy landing.

When the record was brought to me of the thousands of eminent folks my hands had touched, I had not before realized the great privilege of the passing years, but in the light of this day, I am holding up my hands in an appeal for the one dominant thought in my mind this glorious Labor Day—to make the most of the hands that God has given us to help others. If in our own greeting we express that feeling of earnest sympathy and sincere desire to do something for others, we will not have celebrated Labor Day in vain.

The hands of Time warn me that the clock will soon strike—our visit is over. May every heart, discouraged and disheartened, or buoyant with the aspirations and hopes of youth, feel that the angel of labor has it place in his or her sun today, beckoning us on even in the gray dawn that promises a glorious tomorrow!

Joining the Procession "Back to School"

pare for the inevitable examination time and Judgment Day. We are never too young to start or too old to learn.

I carried an old thumbled school reader to the studio today. It is a hallowed remembrance of a sainted mother and my first school teacher. On the fly leaf is scrawled my name and a boy's comment on the story of Sir Walter Scott. In later years I made a pilgrimage to Scotland to honor one of my early heroes.

From this book I also read:

"Opportunity has hair in front; behind she is bald.

If you seize her by the forelock, you may hold her:

But if suffered to escape, not Jupiter himself can catch her again."

Well we have all found the bald spots, now we are on the watch for the ever elusive forelock.

President Compton of the Institute of Technology is back to school next week to continue assaults on smashing the outward shell of the atom, with a current of fifteen million voltage.

This infinitesimal atom is in size less

than a hundred millionth part of a pinhead and contains the uncanny electrons. Scientists are now seeking the tremendous store of energy locked up in the nucleus of the atom which contains 99.99% of the undiscovered energy.

Contrasted with this is the human ability of timing to the second the passing of the planets in infinite space on through the centuries. This indicates the almost limitless range of opportunities that will come in the future of the children going "back to school" today.

The doors of opportunity are swinging open again, slowly but surely; for the mind of the world is centered upon opportunity—opportunities for work, opportunities for education, opportunity that will bring a wider welfare for all humankind.

There is nothing so irrevocably neglected as the opportunities of daily occurrence. Back to school we will all continue on with the vision of youth and a determined faith in ourselves, faith in our country, faith in the Eternal God directing the destinies of the Universe.

Affairs and Folks

the happy hunting ground of lovers of fishing, both young and old, for small fishes and crabs are available there in bountiful quantities.

After the Stadtbach has been cleaned and any repairs to walls and machinery of factories along its course are completed, its "bringing back" takes place in grand style. With torches, Japanese lanterns and other devices of illumination, the majority of Aarau's population flocks to the spot where the brook is once more directed into its own channel. Then, marching to the strains of the excellent municipal band, and ever singing the old "brook song", which consists of quaint rhymes in the Alemannic dialect spoken in this region, the celebrants wend their way back to Aarau, where dancing and festivities are continued until late.

Today the Stadtbach flows under cover in the heart of the town, but occasional fountains mark its course, and I believe that I am justified in saying that it is the most popular and most fussed over brook in all Switzerland.

MARIE WIDMER

The President's Home on the Rapidan

A Glimpse of the Picturesque Mountain Vacation Retreat Located within Ninety Miles of an Air Line of the Chief Executive's Office in Washington

By CASSIE M. LYNE

VIRGINIA has always been the seat of such stately manors, where the touch of architects like Sir Christopher Wren and Thornton and Latrobe held sway, that one had never thought of the possibilities offered by rural life, until the Chief Executive established his "Camp on the Rapidan." . . . Hoover's Camp. But the historic Rapidan was a stream well known in Civil War times, for as it merges from its mountain source into confluence with the beautiful broad Rappahannock, it became a barrier to the progress of Northern armies whose battlecry was: "On to Richmond!"

The Union general, Meade, and the Confederate general, Lee, confronted each other on the historic Rapidan near Morton's Ford, in the vicinity of Orange Court House.

All this terrain is near Fredericksburg, or the Wilderness. The Rapidan River gets its name from Queen Anne, and in all old documents was spelled, Rapid Anne. The President, for his week end visits to this sylvan scene, goes frequently via Orange Court House, named for the Prince of Orange, but Hoover's camp is in Madison County — named for President Madison. There is no railroad in Madison County — which is a decidedly mountainous country — in the foothills of the Blue Ridge. Here, the Chief Executive finds complete isolation from the world, but he keeps in touch with affairs by air mail. A siren sounds as the plane drops his pouch. All this marks the stride of time, for it was with some difficulty that Theodore Roosevelt who was hunting in the Adirondacks, was located when President McKinley was shot . . . but

campaigns. The camp, as the crow flies, is less than 90 miles from the Capitol, but the elevation is so high, and the place so removed from civilization, one might as well be in the heart of the Rockies or on some western reservation, for here no tourist travels permeate. Marines guard the seclusion and consider it a great hardship to be so isolated. There are no Blue Laws to prevent the President from enjoying angling, but the Commonwealth of Virginia limits the catch to two fish at one time, no more being allowed to be taken from the stream.

The camp has every comfort in fireplaces, because the evenings are chilly; and Mrs. Hoover has imparted that "home-touch" here which makes her always the lover of coziness and cheer. At the White House, she has a room that simulates the California atmosphere, in light wicker furniture—and always, on her drives, if possible, she returns laden with flowers . . . rhododendrons and mountain laurel. At the camp she takes many woodsy horseback rides, for she sits her saddle well. The President, however, goes in strictly for fishing, and it is said, got enough of horseback riding in his engineering days to last for the rest of his life.

One who has not been there can scarcely visualize the ruggedness of the Rapidan district. The underbrush is infested with snakes—moccasins and rattlers. The presence of these reptiles demands constant alertness on the part of the vacationists.

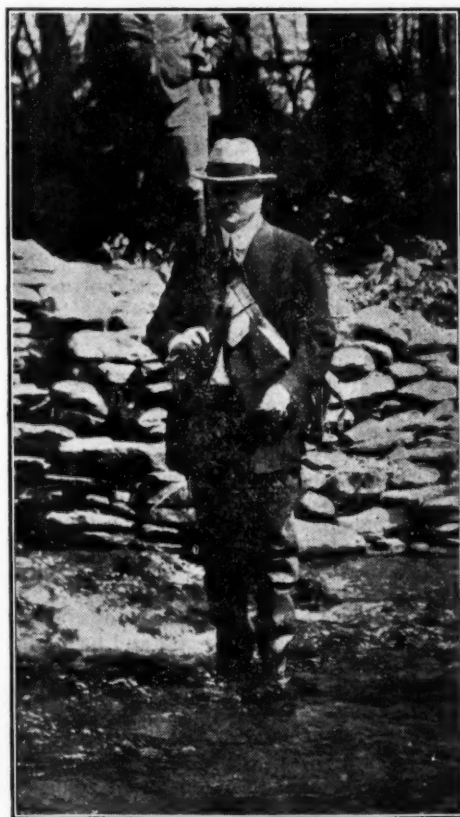
The natives of this section are very poor and the Hoovers have established a school for them. Although Virginia has a compulsory schooling law, the mountaineers of the Rapidan district are averse to all ideas on education and much trouble is caused by the mountaineer children who dislike the confinement of school buildings.

Chair making is one of the industries of Madison County and that together with chicken farming and dairying makes up the entire industrial life of the county.

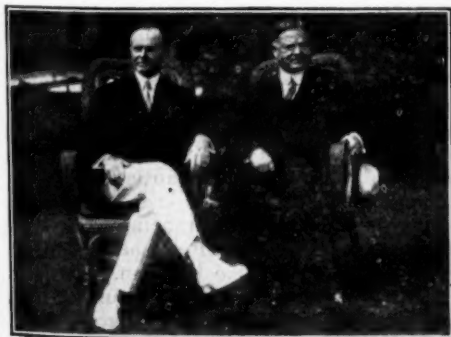
The National Shenandoah Park included this site in its area . . . and the outlook is majestic. . . Not far away, are many scenic caves; like Luray and the Endless Caverns; but as the squatters say; "That's on the other side of the Ridge" (Blue Ridge). . . The Lutherans came here as early pioneers and established a church and brought an organ with them; which is the oldest instrument of its kind in Virginia.

When President Hoover visits the Camp, coming via Orange, he turns or laps back to the mountain—the Appalachian chain. If he continued on—he would see the most beautiful landscape in Virginia; the homes

of Madison, Taylor, Jefferson and Monroe; and the University of Virginia, with its sublime rotunda. But, nomad that he is, travel other Presidents, the office has aged him does not appeal. He needs rest, for like



President Hoover enjoying his Fishing Haunts



Former President Calvin Coolidge and President Herbert Hoover

now, official Washington can reach Hoover within a very short time. The road to the camp by way of Warrenton is a most scenic drive, through scenes of Mosby's celebrated

terribly. Hoover never rests—he is always working out some problem — and makes "fishing" an excuse to be alone—to think.

In this charming retreat at Rapidan, away from the distractions of routine work, President Hoover has talked over serious problems with experts and premiers face to face. Many of the unprecedented and now historic decisions have been formulated amid the scenes of the "happy fishing grounds" of Rapidan. With his zeal for facts, the President has made momentous decisions based on the rapidly shifting circumstances. During the world-wide economic earthquake he has steered by a compass of existing conditions to face fearlessly the situation on the far-flung battle line against Depression and the attacks on our system of government.

Westinghouse's Legacy to Modern Times

The Organization founded by the Great Inventor carrying on a Constructive Campaign that lightens burdens and attuned to modern progress under the direction of Chairman Andrew Wells Robertson

MEMORIES of my meeting with George Westinghouse, tall and stately, a rugged type of a self-made man, are recalled every time I hear the name which is still associated with one of the foremost industrial enterprises of the country. A picture of the man, with his kindly blue eyes and sedate side whiskers, is remembered every time I meet or hear of anyone associated with the organization which he founded. His invention of the air brake revolutionized railroad transportation.

The sturdy Scotch spirit of the founder persists in the succession of energetic young men who have had much to do with carrying on the activities of the Westinghouse until it reaches into millions of homes of the American people and has lifted the drudgery and burden, not only from the backs of labor, but from the mother and housewife in their continuous routine of "keeping the home fires burning."

Conspicuous among the successors of George Westinghouse is Andrew Wells Robertson, Chairman of the Board who represents the best type of modern business executives.

Friendly and cordial, he never loses sight of the conviction that an increase of human happiness must accompany the production of wealth if the creative force of American industry is to fulfill its highest duty and responsibility.

In business he is an executive of strong, positive guidance, deliberate and methodical, yet persistent and vigorous. Above all he is free from prejudice and eminently fair.

Many influences contributed to this result. He was the eighth of nine children of Scottish parentage and was born in the small town of Panama, New York, February 7, 1880. The father died when young Andrew was three. Necessity made him a productive member of the family when he was 11.

He shoveled snow, was deckhand on a lake steamer, sold aluminum pots and pans from door to door, worked in a sawmill, kept books, ran a bathhouse and wrote for a local newspaper. But he finished school.

Then he was principal of a high school for two years and at 22 entered Allegheny College with a total capital of \$65. He ran a boarding house, won some prizes, did some writing and other miscellaneous odd jobs for four years. But he graduated in 1906 as a bachelor of arts.

Still not satisfied, he entered the University of Pittsburg to study law. He organized the Boys' Collegiate School and taught there mornings so he could pore over his Blackstone afternoons and even-

ings. He graduated and was admitted to the bar in 1910. Two years in the practice of his profession and one with a title and trust company led to his selection as attorney for the Pittsburg Railways Company and the Duquesne Light Company, at Pittsburg, in 1913.

Affairs of the Railways Company were in a desperate condition but the young attorney had them stabilized and reor-



Andrew Wells Robertson
Chairman of the Board of the
Westinghouse Company

ganized in the short period of six months. Measuring up in this crisis, his first big opportunity, led to election to the vice-presidency, then the presidency of the Philadelphia Company. Law books gave way to the broader field of executive administration.

In January 1929 he was made chairman of the Westinghouse board, still another new field with an army of employees in 24 plants located in 22 cities.

Scotch ancestry made Andrew Wells Robertson thrifty, industrious and determined. Legal training made him an analyst, capable of doing his own straight thinking in a logical manner and finding truth in tangled problems. Experience gave him the vision of a world statesman whose field of activity is not limited by any horizon. Contact with industry taught him that production must keep step with the growing demands of a growing population.

But these products of birth, books and business are secondary to the genuine humanism evolved from his own personal struggles. This understanding made him tolerant and patient, increased his knowledge and made him a leader who could direct intelligently; an understanding

greater than wisdom; an understanding that wins confidence and is, therefore, the greatest qualification a leader can have.

As president of the Pittsburg Chamber of Commerce he led more than 100 business financial executives on a tour of the southwest to study waterways and shipping in 1927. While in Houston, Texas, word came that 28 people had been killed, scores injured and much property destroyed by the explosion of two gas storage tanks owned by a subsidiary of the Philadelphia Company, of which he was then President.

Rushing home, Robertson put every possible agency to work restoring homes and property. "We can argue about the responsibility later," he said. "This is no time to be talking of lawsuits."

This understanding of human needs, combined with his inflexible determination to do the right and generous thing, guided him and his company through the months that followed without a single lawsuit as the result of the explosion.

His actions as an executive are always governed by the same attitude and consideration. He says, "Every business is the product of the human beings who compose it and it can be no greater than they." Using this philosophy of management, he makes full use of the brains and ability of his vast organization by developing men to take responsibility, clothing them with equivalent authority and then setting them free to apply their own growing abilities.

Yet essentially, A. W. Robertson is a home family man. Annual reunions at Panama keep old associations warm as the grown up children walk through the orchard and recall the trees by the names of the youngsters who helped with their planting.

At Allegheny he was proud of the big "A" he won on the varsity football team. Today his garden is his favorite athletic field, his happiest recreation. Big business can't distort a man's perspective and sense of values so long as he is intimate with the wonders and beauties of growing things. This balance keeps the Westinghouse chairman from being the cold, stern personality usually associated with men of high executive position.

This and the fact that his keenest pleasure comes "just from meeting people."

Such is this man of many interest, wide capacity and comprehensive judgments. Mastering early difficulties placed a smile of confidence on the face of the patient, determined lawyer. Today he is a very human man of broad sympathies and kindly manner, big enough to be humble, yet capable of aggressive, constructive, creative leadership.

The Joys of Companionship

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

Text of Address delivered by Joe Mitchell Chapple, "Pilgrim of the Air," September 25, 1932, over WBZ, Boston.
Mr. Chapple is Editor of the *READER'S RAPID REVIEW* and the *NATIONAL MAGAZINE*

INTERVIEWING all sorts and conditions of people on varied questions that come up in my newspaper and magazine work, I have reached three definite conclusions in my philosophy of life. First: Most of the things worthwhile and enduring come from the propulsive power of a heart impulse; Second: The universal desire of human beings is for companionship of some kind and consideration of fellow humans; and Third: The invariable appreciation and value of patience, good nature and persistence, along with a smiling face and kind words.

This combination I have found an effective antidote for two things that cause most of the trouble in the world—temper and vanity. Wise old Solomon declared, "Vanity of vanities; all is vanity." In some form or other vanity has been the poison virus that keep up the age-old useless strife between people and nations.

After addressing an audience of girls at the Mary Baldwin College at Staunton, Virginia, they fired a volley of questions at me, revealing the wholesome thought uppermost in their minds. Some of the interrogations were posers to answer, so I turned the tables and began asking them questions to help me out of my embarrassment. I asked for a secret written ballot expressing in one word the quality they most desired in a future husband. To my astonishment most of the answers included an all-comprehensive quality often overlooked in the appraisal of humans. Anticipating replies designating the tall handsome good-looking young man with plenty of money, athletically inclined, with a suggestion of the cave man's power (for did not family life begin in the cave man age), when the returns were all in I was startled to find the dominant thought in the minds of those five hundred girls focused on the words "consideration" and "kindness."

Another quality emphasized as a close second was that of companionship.

This I am passing on to the young men seeking to woo and win the charming, ever-alert American girl of today.

These young ladies, delving deep in Psychology and majoring in other profound subjects of modern culture and education, had answered with unerring intuition, a question uppermost in the minds of all people in these times when moratoriums of all sorts have become a grim necessity.

In the mature wisdom and experience of three score years of public service, Elihu Root recently declared to me in his hesitating, high-pitched voice: "Temper has

caused much of the litigation that clutters the courts, and is the source of much of the misunderstandings and strife between nations as well as individuals."

In his heartfelt advocacy of the World Court, this master-mind of American statecraft is true to his philosophy.



Joe Mitchell Chapple

Chatting with "Eddie," the veteran colored doorkeeper, Mr. Root, while Secretary of State, often gained preliminary impressions of distinguished callers before settling down in a swivel chair for some of the notable diplomatic bouts that made history.

Companionship is often a paradox that works out a balance of judgment—under the pressure of necessity.

In the desire to keep up with his boyhood companions, Walter P. Chrysler made for himself a set of tools when he was seventeen years old. Working as an apprentice in a machine shop, his ambition was to possess accurate instruments for his trade. Not having money to buy them, he developed his ingenuity to supply his needs. In the splendor of the observatory of the Chrysler Building he showed me a wooden box enclosed in a glass case containing these tools. They are a treasure that Walter Chrysler prizes far beyond all the rugs, tapestries, paintings and trophies that adorn his home and office.

Walking with John Ringling through his world-famed Art Museum at Sarasota, Florida, he pointed out with his cane the prize possessions of this incomparable collection. Chewing vigorously at the stub of

his cigar, his eyes blinking with enthusiasm, he commented: "This collection is the result of companionship. Oftentimes these pictures seem like comrades to me, associated as they are with circumstances that led to securing them to share with artists and lovers of art."

The late Mabel Ringling loved art, and soon had the rough and ready circus owner absorbed in the quest that has resulted in one of the greatest private museums of art in the world.

In a book recently published by my friend, Rabbi Cohon, I found the story of a proverb dating back five thousand years.

"Honi planted a carob tree that only bears fruit every seventy years. Then he decided to eat the fruit of a tree planted by his ancestors, and was overcome by sleep. He awoke after seventy years and returned to his house, inquiring for his son. He was told that his son had died, but that his grandson lived. Introducing himself, 'I am Honi,' no one would believe him, for he had slept in a grotto screened from the world. Along the streets he kept crying out, 'I am Honi. Don't you know me?' And still he was not believed. In his prayer and grief, he gave utterance to that age old proverb, 'Either a companion or death.'"

From this story Washington Irving had his inspiration in writing Rip Van Winkle.

"Consideration, like an angel, came and whipped the offending Adam out of him." That is the way Shakespeare describes a change of mind. Such a conversion I witnessed in the tenseness of that Steel Corporation investigation at Washington some years ago. Partisan and class hatred was rampant. The late J. Pierpont Morgan, brusque yet friendly, changed the acid atmosphere of the room with a smiling answer to the grilling cross-examination. Asked by Chairman Stanley as to what he considered the basis of business relations, he replied tensely in a voice mellowed by retrospect: "Confidence and consideration. I would rather loan a man in whom I had confidence a million dollars without collateral, than the same amount to another with five millions of collateral in stocks and bonds, without character to back it."

A man without consideration is a dangerous person to deal with under any circumstances. Without confidence and faith there is no basis for business.

The most inspiring companionship in political life that I have ever observed was that of William McKinley and Marcus Hanna. Simply to see them together one felt that the spirit of Damon and Pythias still existed. The way they looked into each other's eyes, the gentle touch on the arm,

the manner in which they discussed matters, radiated steadfast, true and almost tender affection. When one or the other was mentioned in the course of conversation, there was a look at the mere mention of the friend's name that reflected the glow of perfect understanding.

What an enduring picture of consideration remains in the story of Ruth and her appeal to Naomi, "Entreat me not to leave thee," and "Whither thou goest, I go." It is an outstanding demonstration of woman's consideration for woman. From it the world has gleaned a Ruth ideal that will abide for all time.

The year celebrating the two hundredth anniversary of George Washington witnessed a recital of nearly every known incident in this career of the father of our country. All phases of his character have been discussed as an inspiring example of citizenship. In his young manhood he visited Boston and won the friendship of John Adams, Sam Otis and John Hancock. Washington was never forgotten by the companions of his youth in New England. They led the call for him to take command of the Continental Army under the historic elm at Cambridge.

Valley Forge revealed the considerate companionship of the ragged troops and their commander. Bloody footprints in the snow sanctified the comradeship between the dauntless praying general and his troops who won the victory at Yorktown and created our Republic.

Consideration and companionship are a part of the priceless diadem of Happiness, for "kind hearts are more than coronets, and simple faith than Norman blood."

Tides of friendship seem to ebb and flow.

Why not look over our memory books today and look up some of the old friends of the long ago? They may not have heard from you for a long, long time and think you have forgotten them. They may have prospered, but still need you; or they may be in dire need of you now for sympathy and help.

I was taught how to swallow pride on a visit with Rockne at Notre Dame. He motioned me. I started across the field near the goal on the ten yard line. They were in action and the ball hit me on the amplest part of my trousers and gave me a real impression of football, while the crowd laughed and jeered at the fat man while the coach stormed with sarcasm and made a gridiron speech as I swallowed my pride.

One thought that I should like to burn into the minds of the young people listening in today is this: "Choose companions that you can help and help you in the team work of life. *If you can't help, don't hurt.*" The avalanche of crime reveals that evil associations have often led to the abyss. Why not use as much judgment in making friends as you would in selecting a hat or a suit of clothes. Any person whose influence you know is not for your own good, cut the Gordian knot and be free! Yield to the temptation to do right. It is as fascinating as evil.

The best things of my life I owe to companionship and the considerations of others. It began with my mother who opened the home to all children of neighbors, but tactfully led me to see how much depended on associations. It continued on to the romantic day that culminated in my happy fate at the marriage altar.

The young college girls at Staunton

brought to me a fuller realization that companionship, consideration and kindness are qualities that should be brought out and reburnished every day as you would polish your shoes.

Sum up a definite list of considerations which you have received and given each day. It counts more than the figures in ledger and cash books, in the transactions representing the real values of life.

At her home in Hollywood, Carrie Jacobs Bond played one of her songs, born in the bereavement over the loss of her life companion. The golden sun of California was shining upon the slender figure at the piano as she sang to us of "friends big and strong"—words and music that have inspired millions of hearts. It was indeed "The End of a Perfect Day."

On my first pilgrimage to Jerusalem, the golden, a few years ago, I was drawn irresistibly to the site of the House of the Upper Room. There was nothing left of the structure—only a memory—amid the squalor and filth that have come to the Holy City. Other shrines did not seem to attract me with the magnetic force that awakened the vision of the farewell night in the earthly career of the Master at the Last Supper. He gathered about him his disciples in the holy spirit of kindness. Suffusing this matchless feast was that divine consideration of human frailties and the companionship of apostles. As they touched elbows and looked into each other's eyes and broke bread together, there was a new conception of a beatitude glorified with a new meaning — the almost forgotten "Mercy." "Blessed are the merciful" was an imperishable ideal enthroned that night in the tenderness of Love Divine.

Hoover Has Met the Tests of Leadership

Continued from page 186

tress of the seas.

Upon landing, the passengers could not say enough for the brave and courageous commander, although they had demanded his removal during the storm. Some sailors even mutinied in the hours of peril.

The captain modestly replied:

"I simply did my duty. Your attacks upon me were hard to bear in the brunt of the storm, but I knew things that you didn't know. In that ship was a large shaft of a Cunard liner, which if it had broken its moorings and crashed through the side of the ship, all would have been lost. I knew that I had a big cargo of marble dust in the hold to keep her on an even keel when we were mounting the waves, but I could not stop and give you a detailed account of all that I knew in those harrassing hours.

"Word reached me that the worried passengers wanted to drag me from the bridge and put another in charge, but it was my loyal mate who responded: 'We must all stand by with the captain! He knows his ship and knows best what to do.'"

"Don't tie the hands of a captain who is weathering the storm."

Leadership the Test

The following written by my friend Charles F. Scott of Kansas.

"The deep question in this campaign is one of confidence in leadership—in leaders. The measure of truth of what they say is what they have said; the measure of what they will do is what they have done."

—Franklin D. Roosevelt.

The Republican party could ask nothing better of the voters in this campaign than that they accept the test the Democratic nominee throws down as a challenge and let their votes at the coming election express their judgment on the sole matter of leadership as between the two candidates for President.

For nearly four years, in the face of one assault after another upon the financial stability of the United States, upon its banking structure, upon its industry, its commerce and its agriculture, *Somebody* has been leading the forces that have resisted these assaults. When there was likelihood that wages would be cut suddenly and drastically, *Somebody* brought forward a suggestion that maintained the standards for eighteen months until readjustments could be made by mutual agreement. When there was danger of strikes, riots and bloodshed such as had always occurred in previous similar periods, *Somebody* proposed a program that prevented such tragedies. When money went into hoarding and an epidemic

of bank failures threatened widespread disaster, *Somebody* devised the National Credit Corporation which supported the banking credit of the Nation through an extremely critical period. When it became necessary to provide funds to carry railroads, banks, building and loan societies, insurance companies and other great concerns weighed with the public welfare, through a long period of lean business, *Somebody* worked out the Reconstruction Finance Corporation to meet this great need. When a devastating drouth swept over 24 States, *Somebody* stepped in well in advance of the need and provided organization and funds through which the people were carried through to another crop year. When it first became apparent that there would be widespread unemployment, *Somebody* stimulated vast works of public construction through which hundreds of thousands of men were enabled to earn hundreds of millions of dollars. When there was danger that unemployment, already large, might be increased by the influx of large numbers of foreigners, *Somebody* interposed an executive order which averted this menace. When as a result of business conditions many thousands of people all over the country were on the verge of losing their homes and all they had invested in them,

Continued on page 208

Behind the Green Door in Old Toledo

Continued from page 193

"What a question, *senorita*! Why should I go, save for the honor of Spain?" He lifted his sombrero with a graceful gesture and the moonlight touched his uncovered brow. "A poor soldier she is getting, it is true. I can fence, of course, as can every *caballero* of gentle blood; and I am a fair shot with a pistol; but I am as innocent of the manual as a babe in arms; and I have never so much as laid hands on one of these new fashioned rifles." He laughed faintly. "Alas, for the honor of Castile! I would find it easier to celebrate it in an ode of sounding dithyrambs, or to sing of it in redondillas, than to hit a Cuban at long range. But, if it is just to furnish a target for the rebel bullets—truly, I think I am as fair a mark as any raw recruit in Weyler's army!" and he drew up his lithe figure proudly.

There was silence, and a faint sigh was breathed through the grating.

Jacinto looked up at the shadowy white face in the window, saying tenderly: "Bid me farewell, Mercedes, and wish me God speed. I go only for honor's sake, it is true; but, if I live, I shall come back—for the sake of that which is second only to our honor!"

A slim little hand was thrust through the grating.

"Vaya con Dios,"* whispered Mercedes, with a faint sob between the words.

Jacinto seized the trembling fingers in an eager clasp.

"What! tears, Mercedes? Ah, *preciosísima*, dost thou love me a little?"

"With all my soul," was the tremulous whisper.

"Then swear it, beloved. Swear thou wilt marry no other man—and trust me. I will live to claim thee."

"Willingly I swear it, Jacinto mio."

"But say the words after me, Mercedes," he insisted. "Swear to heaven that thou wilt marry no man but me."

"I swear to heaven that I will marry no man but thee," sobbed the girl.

"San Antonio be praised!" cried Jacinto, gaily. "Now, indeed, if honor is the magic word that sends me to Cuba, love will be the spell that draws me home!" Then, with a passionate kiss on the little fingers, and a wave of his soft sombrero, he had turned away.

Mercedes gazed after him, as he walked lightly down the dim street, the stirring notes of the "March of Cadiz" ringing out, in his tuneful whistle, on the night air.

From a window on the upper story, another pair of eyes watched also; then, stealthy steps descended the little stairway, and crossed the patio. The time-worn hinges of the old green door gave a warning creak, as Sebastiano slipped out into the street.

In his sleeve he carried the little silver-handled dagger, and his heart was beating with mingled grief and rage. His whole nature, in which there was so much that was intrinsically fine and noble, had been warped as though to fit the little crooked body fate had mocked him with; and seeing the interview at Mercedes' window, but hearing nothing,

he was filled with dark suspicions. He felt the edge of his dagger nervously.

"Two honest blows will save her yet! One for that black heart in yonder well-shaped body, and then one more for Sebastiano—the assassin! Ah, Dios! to die with such a sin upon my soul!"

Whistling gaily to keep up his sinking spirits, Jacinto felt his way along the darkening streets; for, though the moon was young and nearly set, the few electric lamps that Toledo could boast were still unlighted.

The hunchback, in stealthy pursuit, gained on him slowly, until, on turning a sharp corner, Jacinto was confronted by a sight, common enough in Toledo, but sufficiently striking to thrill his imaginative and impressionable nature to the core.

Before him, nailed to a great cross affixed to the rear wall of an old Gothic chapel, was a life-size figure of the Christ, with flowing hair that waved in the night breeze; above it, swung a great lantern, from a wrought iron bracket that projected it a foot or more beyond the wall; a pointed wooden gable extended, as a protection, over both. The gentle wind, swaying the lantern from side to side on its rusty supports, caused the light to flicker strangely on the face of the figure, so that its expression seemed to change, from time to time, in a manner almost lifelike.

Jacinto paused before it, and crossed himself. As he stood there, in the semicircle of light before the Cristo, Sebastiano stepped aside in the shadow of a recessed doorway, and let his arm fall by his side, moaning under his breath:

"Virgin Maria! I cannot murder a man while he prays!"

With bared head, Jacinto—alone, as he thought, in the sleeping city—murmured a prayer and a vow.

"Senor Jesu," he said aloud, "by the grave of my mother—may her soul rest in peace!—I swear to leave this beloved land of Spain, and never more to set foot upon her shores till the last battle has been fought on Cuban soil; and I swear to bear myself, always, as a Spanish soldier should—" and he squared his shoulders and lifted his head proudly—"for the honor of Castile and the love of Mercedes!"

As the last words left his lips, a loud cry burst from the shadows behind him; there was a clang of steel upon the stone pavement, and the little silver mounted dagger fell at his feet.

Startled and amazed, the young man swung around on his heel, and discovered the little hunchback crouched upon his knees, his face buried in his hands, crying:

"Santa Maria! Madre de Dios! I might have murdered an innocent man!"

"What in the name of all the devils in Limbo does this mean?" exclaimed Jacinto, sharply, to cover his embarrassment. "Sebastiano, my friend, up with you! Do you take me for St. Iago, that you go down on your knees to me like this? Speak, man! what is all this disturbance about?"

The little dwarf staggered to his feet, and

leaning breathlessly against the wall, unburdened himself of his suspicions.

A dark scowl gathered on the young man's face as he listened, then of a sudden his countenance cleared, and a peal of hearty laughter rang through the silent street. He picked up the dagger and offered it gaily to the little deformed creature before him.

"Dost thou think a blow from that arm could kill me! Try it, friend. Strike—strike hard, a good blow! Caspita! there is not brawn and muscle there to hurt a mouse!" and he laughed again.

The hunchback dropped his head, and put up his hand to his throat. The blood surged in his ears and his heart beat suffocatingly.

"Ay," he answered, and his voice sounded far off and strange. "'Tis a poor mockery of a man—and a fool at that; but there's a heart somewhere—inside of it," and he stumbled blindly.

A sudden shame flushed the other's face, and he stepped forward and put out his hand.

"Forgive me, Sebastiano—'twas a brutal speech. In truth, I deserve to feel the dagger's point for such insolence. But it is clearly foolish to waste good Spanish blood on true Spanish steel when there are so many dirty Cubans thirsting for it. So let us cry quits, and part friends. Mercedes has just sworn that she will marry no man but me. Watch over her for me, till I return."

The hunchback hesitated, and then returned the other's grasp warmly.

"Adios," he murmured. "Heaven keep you safe—for her."

End

Tom Watched—With the Watch Missing

Continued from page 189

Maude rose.

"Wait just one minute," she said, and she vanished into the back room. She was back in a moment bearing a dainty little parcel wrapped in pink tissue.

"It's so hard to know what to give a boy," she said. "I tried and tried to think of something you would like, and then I thought I would make you this. I made it myself, Tom, and I do hope you'll like it." She laid it softly in his hand. "With all the good wishes in the world, old boy," she said.

"May I look at it now?" he asked, fondling it. "Yes," she said, "I wish you would. I'm so afraid it isn't the right size. I wish you would try it and see."

He smiled as he gently undid the wrapper as carefully as a mother might handle a sick babe, while Maude waited tremulously for his first word of pleasure.

Then his brow contracted, and he gasped convulsively.

It was a neatly embroidered chamois-skin case for his watch.

He gazed at it blankly a minute, and then he said what you would have said had you been in his place.

* Literally, "Go with God."

"Going Avisiting" by Airplane

Continued from page 212

Alvah Griffin Strong, son of Eastman's partner. Every one of the trees is numbered and an accounting made of its production, calculated after having its share of expense charged against the amount received for fruit.

A trip was made to Erie, Pa. where is moored the frigate from which Admiral Perry broadcast under shot and shell, "We have met the enemy and they are ours." They have truly remained our friends across a three thousand mile frontier without a fort or gun. It was the last naval engagement on the Great Lakes. Here lives Sarah A. Reed, my ninety-five year young friend. Her parents from New England founded the city of Erie and in this same home were entertained Ralph Waldo Emerson, Longfellow and Whittier.

Through glorious old Grimsby in Canada we journeyed to that prim city of Toronto, preparing for its annual exposition on the lake front. Not far away at Ottawa, the conference of the representatives of the British Empire were discussing how to help one another with favored trade regulations. Former premier Stanley Baldwin, was there with his briar pipe. His hobby is raising porkers for the market. A Bonus Army attempted to repeat the tragic experiences at Washington but Canadian police met them and firmly suggested an immediate detour.

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The oldtime rush to spend prosperity vacations abroad has been given a holiday this year.

After traveling over the world chasing celebrities in fifty-seven countries, I have reached the conclusion that the best of all the world for a summerday playground is right here at home in Massachusetts.

There are the canyons and rocks at Nahant and picturesque Gloucester and Cape Ann on the North Shore that to me surpass anything to be found on the much-heralded ocean drives Pacific Coast.

It was here at Nahant that I spent a summer day with the late Senator Henry Cabot Lodge in that library on the hill that still remains a monument to an eminent statesman. How he did love this retreat after the strenuous days of summer sessions of the Senate in Washington!

Then there is that wonderful drive to Little Neck at Ipswich that recalls those scenes oer moor and fen in the heathern hills of Scotland. The beautiful lake district circling Middleboro; the woods at Hopedale in which President Taft spent many hours as a boy; the South Shore with its superb Jerusalem Road and scenery suggesting picturesque Normandy.

Where is there a more charming sylvan retreat than Walden Pond with its memories of Thoreau, Concord where Hawthorne worked and Louisa M. Alcott wrote "Little Women," than the incomparable mid-dlesex Fells; companion too of the matchless Fenway, Arboretum and the parks lying in the heart of Boston, the historic harbor dotted with islands and yachts like giant seagulls, and the Peerless Marine Park located on the threshold of mass population with its legion of bathers, which has no counterpart in all the world.

Plymouth and dear old Cape Cod established their fame as a playground three hundred years ago when Englishmen of the coffee houses talked over a voyage requiring months to reach this virgin fish and game Eldorado as the acme of outing adventures.

Comes the climax of the beautiful Berkshires, Mount Tom and regal Wachusett, and the sedate Springfield and the hills surrounding the busy Worcester reached by the super boulevards.

The stop at Wayside Inn to view the water wheel, recalling the old well at Scituate which inspired the song of The Old Oaken Bucket. This is to say nothing of the Amesbury country which reflects the environment of Whittier's superb poems.

Look again at the map of your own Massachusetts and duplicate it if you can with any similar area of God's green footstool the surpassing variety and charm that has inspired poets, philosophers and writers, and attracted the palatial and humble home builders from all over the world.

Remember dear old Massachusetts with its fascinating historic shrines and varied panorama of city, village, farm and forest, redolent with the traditions of three centuries of settlement, was the first to de-

velop ideal motor highways of these swift-moving times.

The old Bay State and New England remain a source of inspiration for Yankee inventive and re-creative work, following those days where the people relax and think out things amid the natural glories and beauties that attracted twenty thousand immigrants from England in sailing vessels in three years, three centuries ago. The lure that brought them here remains, developed to the most exacting demands of modern times—and I stand here to proclaim and broadcast the age-old phrase concerning the blessings we possess—God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts!



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How lucky "unemployment"
Should now be holding sway
When every man not working can
Talk politics all day.

Coolidge's Acid Test

In these time it must be hard
For "Cal" no place to seek
As it is for a roof that Time has scarred
(When it's raining) not to leak.

And Why Not?

As smokers, women have gone so far,
Times must be nearly ripe
For them to woo the black cigar
And the odoriferous pipe.

What's the Use?

These suiciding millionaires
Too painfully remind us
That when we climb the golden stair
We'll leave our wealth behind us.

All Under Cover

Now with such frightful carryings-on
We need a clever sleuth.
Where have the great detec-a-tives gone
We read about in youth?

On Their Toes

It's easy, quite, for one to see
If in women's shoes the style
Makes heels much higher they will be
Toe-dancing all the while.

Things that Count

Babe Ruth and the President get the same pay
But the Babe thinks he ought to have more
For he's likely to make a big hit every day
Which is oftener than President's score.

Ask the Chinese

The custom of "substituting" goes
For other things than food.
Japan is not at war, it knows,
But has something just as good.

That Presidential Buzzing

You can bet your money on it
There'll be many a one among
The men with bees in their bonnet
Who never will get stung

False Alarms

Before the snow has gone from sight
The poets grab their pens and write:
"Spring! Spring! Gentle Spring!"
But the trouble is there is no such thing.

Why Men Fail

Each one has two natures, they say:
One says "Do," and the other says "Don't."
And while "Where there's a will there's a way."
To oft with a will there's a won't.

Yes Who?

Who blames Old Winter, dull and gray,
If the sad, cold, stern old thing,
Would lingering prefer to stay
In the warm, snug lap of Spring?

Brawn versus Brain

Don't go training your boy to be President, pray!
For he'll have lots less worry, in truth,
And get just as much, if not even more pay,
If you'll have him become a Babe Ruth.

One Thing Or Another

You weather grouchers, don't raise a row
'Cause November isn't just like June:
Though the weather may be too cold just now,
'Twill be too hot pretty soon.

Blaming it all on Hoover

The Frenchmen are fussing and Germany's cussing
And Russia will soon burst its bubble.
The world's going batty—Can't Hoover see that he
Is really the cause of the trouble?

You have heard of the drought we've been having way out
In the West—what an awful disaster!
It wasn't the season—No, Hoover's the reason
They didn't get water much faster.

Perhaps you are ailing—your eyes may be failing,
It may be your arches are falling
Don't say it's your heart or your liver, it's smarter
To say Mr. Hoover is stalling.

The hens will not lay and the wife's run away
I can prove it to you if you doubt it.
The old car is busted and I am disgusted
He ought to do something about it.

The children are biting and yelling and fighting
And they're all about due for the hatchet,
A neighbor declares the fault's really not theirs;
Mr. Hoover's the one who should catch it.

It is easy to chatter 'bout what is the matter,
And why everything's in a muddle.
Let's cut out our shirking and all begin working
By getting our teams in a huddle.

When all's said and done and when the game's won
And the future is better and brighter,
The ones who've been knocking are those who'll come flocking
To reap of the spoils of the fighter.

When we're not in the game, it's so easy to blame
And to censure—if we only knew it,
But he just plugs ahead, disregarding what's said,
I don't see how Hoover can do it.

Fitzhugh C. Spier.

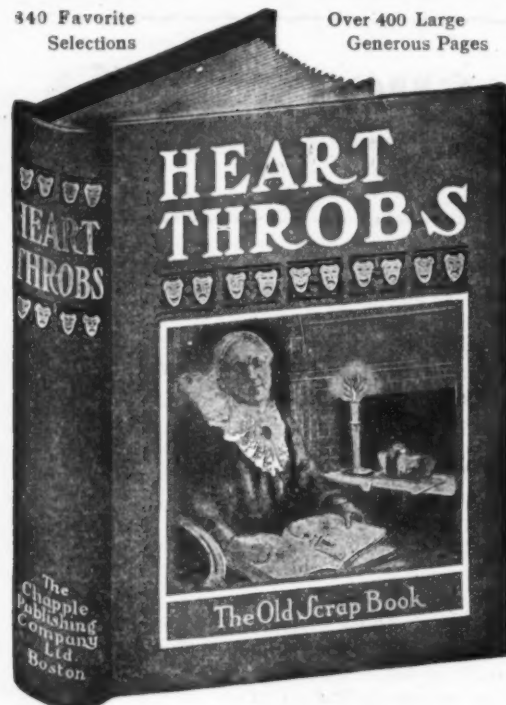
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Contents

Vol. LX	SEPT.-OCT., 1932	New Series 6
Affairs at Washington	181	
By Joe Mitchell Chapple		
Hoover has met Tests of Leadership	185	
To Matterhorn Grim Summit from Zermatt	187	
Notifying Party Nominees in a Modern Way	188	
Tom Watched—With the Watch Missing	189	
By Ellis Parker Butler		
Joining the Procession "Back to School"	190	
In the Memory of Re-Creation Days	191	
Directing the G. O. P. Presidential Campaign	193	
Behind the Green Door in Old Toledo	194	
By Annie T. Colcock		
In the Good Old Convention Times	197	
In the Brown and Tan of Vacation Days	198	
Trend of the Woman Presidential Vote	200	
By Rita Collyer		
Affairs and Folks:	201	
Thompson Stone		
Aarau		
"Goin' Avisitin' Across Country" by Airplane	202	
Labor's Place in the Sun	203	
The President's Home on the Rapidan	205	
By Cassie M. Lyne		
Westinghouse's Legacy to Modern Times	206	
The Joys of Companionship	207	
Hitting the High Spots	211	
By Nixon Waterman		

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Hoover Has Met the Tests of Leadership

Continued from page 208

Somebody worked out a plan by which a great percentage of these homes could be saved for their owners.

In all these matters, and in many others, "Somebody" showed the highest degree of leadership.

Who was this "Somebody?"
Everybody knows the answer.

It was Herbert Hoover, President of the United States.

In all the long and desperate battle against the depression which has been carried on upon a hundred fronts during these past four years, Herbert Hoover has been as truly the leader of the forces working for resistance, recovery and rehabilitation as George Washington was the leader of the forces that fought the battles of the Patriots from Bunker Hill to York Town. Only the ignorant or the malignant or those blinded to the truth by political prejudice or personal ambition will deny that during this period of National stress and peril the President of the United States supplied leadership of the very highest type. He initiated every movement that was made, every measure that was taken, whether it was to maintain wages, to promote employment, to assure industrial peace, to steady the banking situation, to afford relief to farmers who had lost their crops through drouth or by grasshopper invasion, to provide for the wants of the needy in the cities, to stimulate business activity in every direction.

What else by way of leadership could any

man have done?

If the "deep question" in this campaign is one of leadership, as Gov. Roosevelt declares—and to a great extent it is—then the Republican party may rest its claim with complete confidence on the record President Hoover has made, a record that has shown him to be, as Elbert Hubbard proclaimed, "the one towering leader of our time."

Trend of the Women Presidential Vote

Continued from page 200

in all literature when our beloved President said:

"We approach all problems of childhood with affection. Theirs is the province of joy and good humor. They are the most wholesome part of the race, the sweetest for they are the freshest from the hands of God."

If that great supersensitive soul in the White House who likes to be alone upstream with his rod, for he learned as a boy "In quietness and solitude shall be thy strength" had never uttered any other sentiment of welfare—it would be reason enough for women to support Herbert Hoover. For Herbert Hoover supports the causes dearest to the heart of all women—nay every human being. This building of real homes for every human being that every human being may build a real true government—that observes the golden rule and where the gateposts at the entrance welcome with the Light of Truth.

Steinway



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says DOROTHY DIX



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"Such a 'small' offense against daintiness as a faded shoulder ribbon peeping out . . . frayed lace edging visible when you lift up your arm . . . a silk slip not so color-fresh as it might be . . . such things rob you of all illusion in a man's eyes.

"And broken illusions can never, never be mended.

"I beg you to do two things:

1. Buy the loveliest lingerie you can.
2. Keep it always color-fresh, beautiful.

"Just knowing your underthings are lovely does something to you! It makes you

feel feminine and charming. And when you feel charming, you seem so to others!

"But how can we keep delicate lingerie fresh and colorful?" girls often say to me. 'Frequent washing leaves it so faded and worn looking.'

"It is true that ordinary 'good' soaps take away the COLOR and the charming new look of a garment, but this is never the case if you use Lux.

"These wonderful flakes are especially made to preserve COLOR



Perhaps you don't realize how often this happens—



And this! Such glimpses tell so quickly whether you're exquisite!



A SECRET OF FEMININITY

Lingerie washed in Lux 15 times—color perfect as new, silk and lace fibres intact. The garment is utterly charming!

Duplicate lingerie washed 15 times in ordinary "good" soap—silk pulled, lace damaged, color faded. Disappointing!

and NEWNESS. A dainty garment bathed often in Lux suds is *always* color-fresh, sweet as your feminine self!

"AND AT HOME: Not only can dainty, colorful lingerie give you confidence of charm—but your very surroundings can help! Pretty curtains, cushions, colorful table linens, all form part of the magic spell if kept ever lovely with Lux."



Dorothy Dix

If it's safe in water alone, all its original loveliness is safe with LUX!